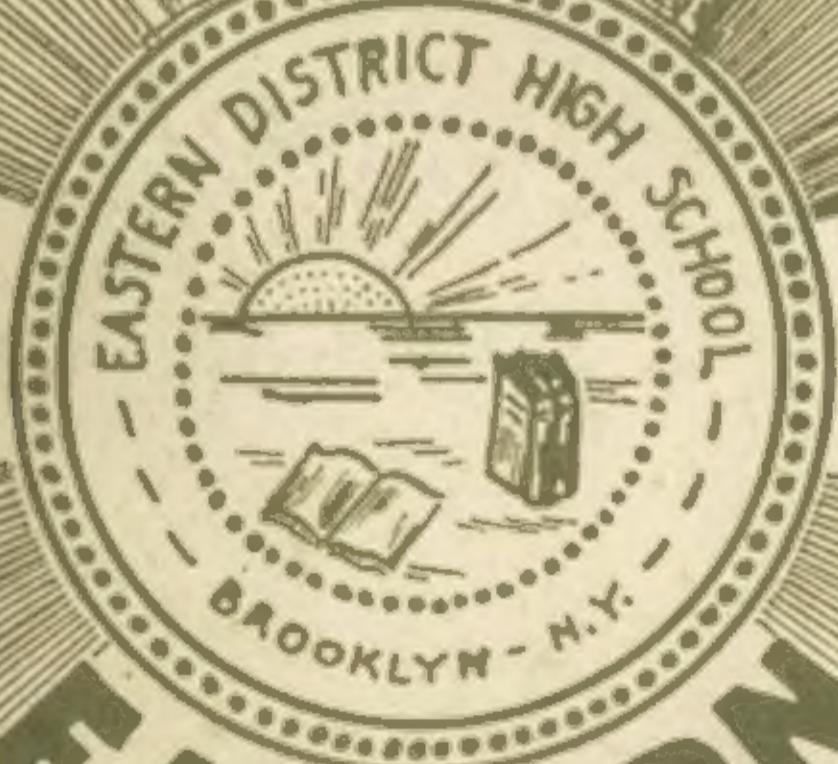
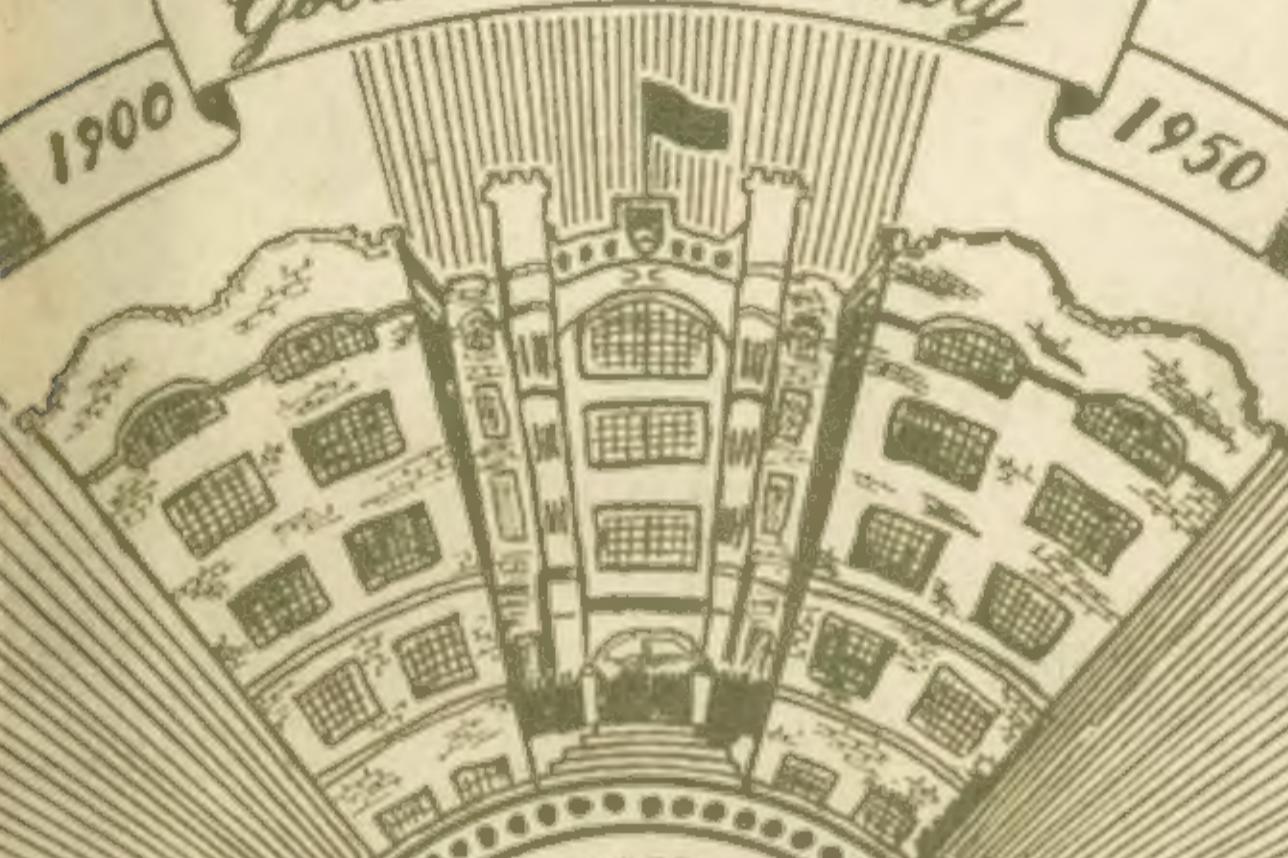


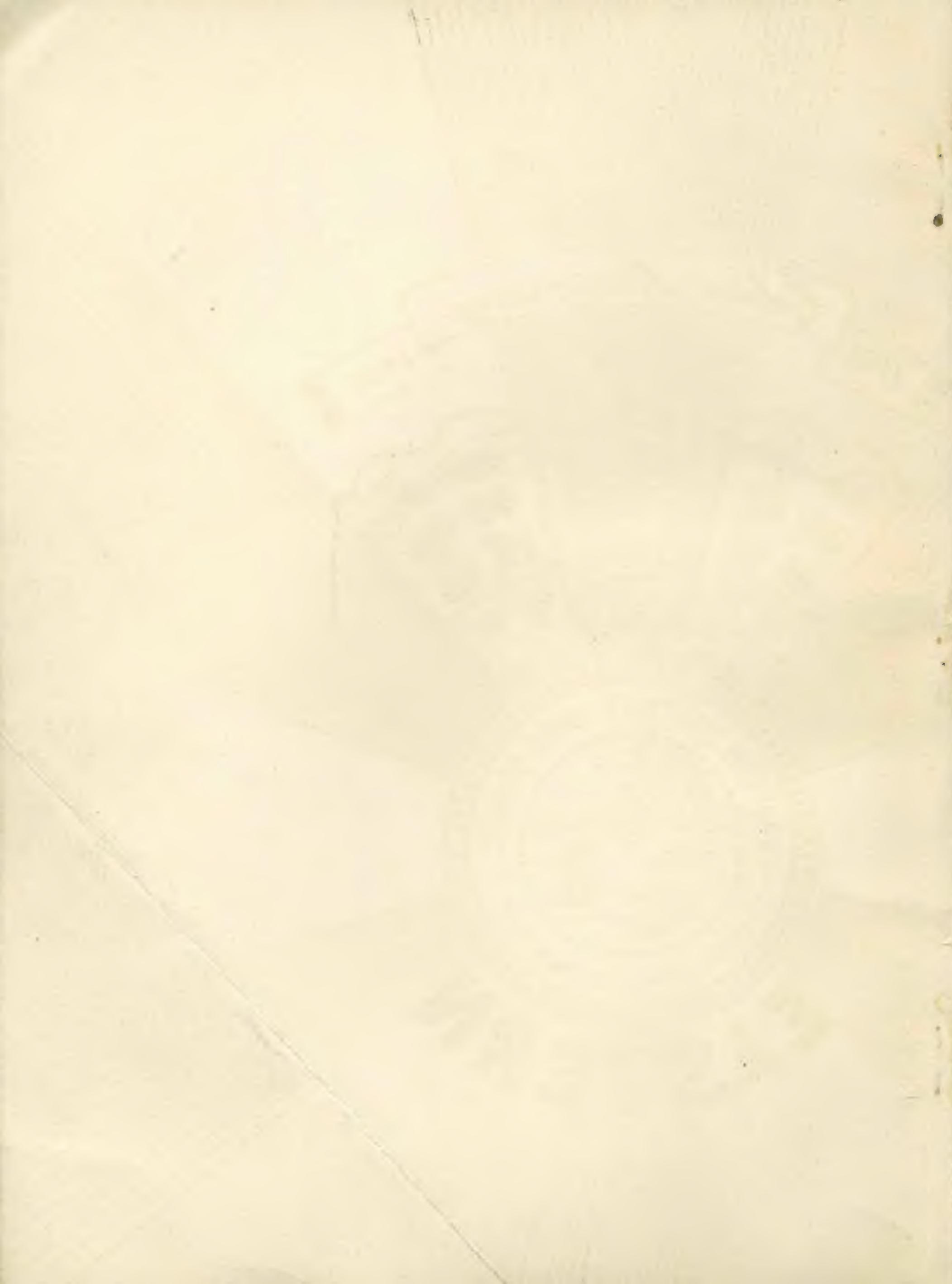
Golden Anniversary

1900

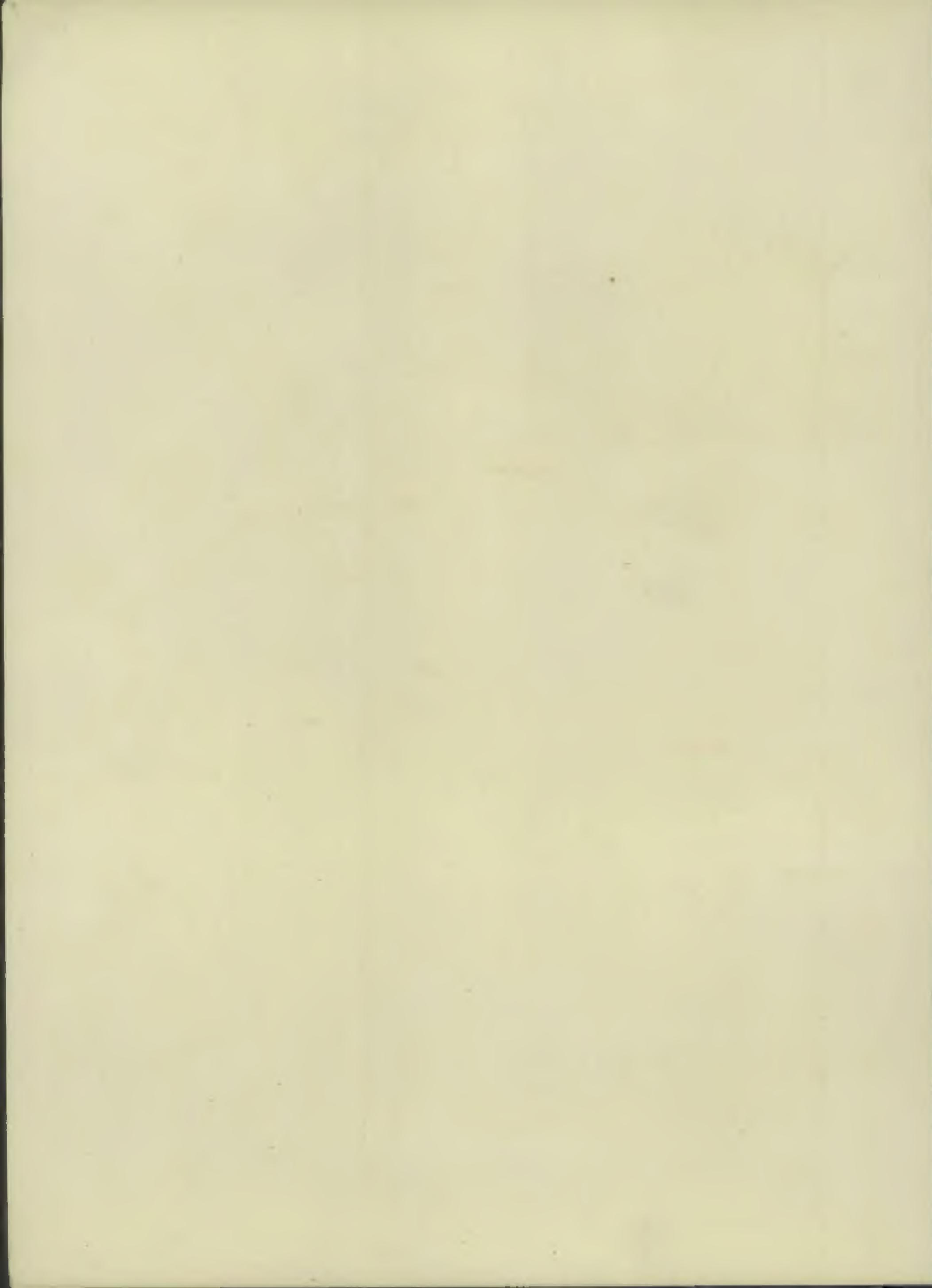
1950



EASTERN







EASTERN

A SEMI-ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF
EASTERN DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL
BROOKLYN, N. Y. JUNE 1950
SAMUEL D. MOSKOWITZ, Principal



1900.....1901.....1902.....1903.....1904

1905.....1906.....1907.....1908.....1909

1910.....1911.....1912.....1913.....1914

1915.....1916.....1917.....1918.....1919

1920.....1921.....1922.....1923.....1924

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1930.....1931.....1932.....1933.....1934

1935.....1936.....1937.....1938.....

1939.....1940.....1941.....

1942.....1943.....1944.....

1945.....1946.....1947.....

1948.....1949.....1950.....





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Principal



DR. WILLARD S. SPRAGUE
Administrative Assistant

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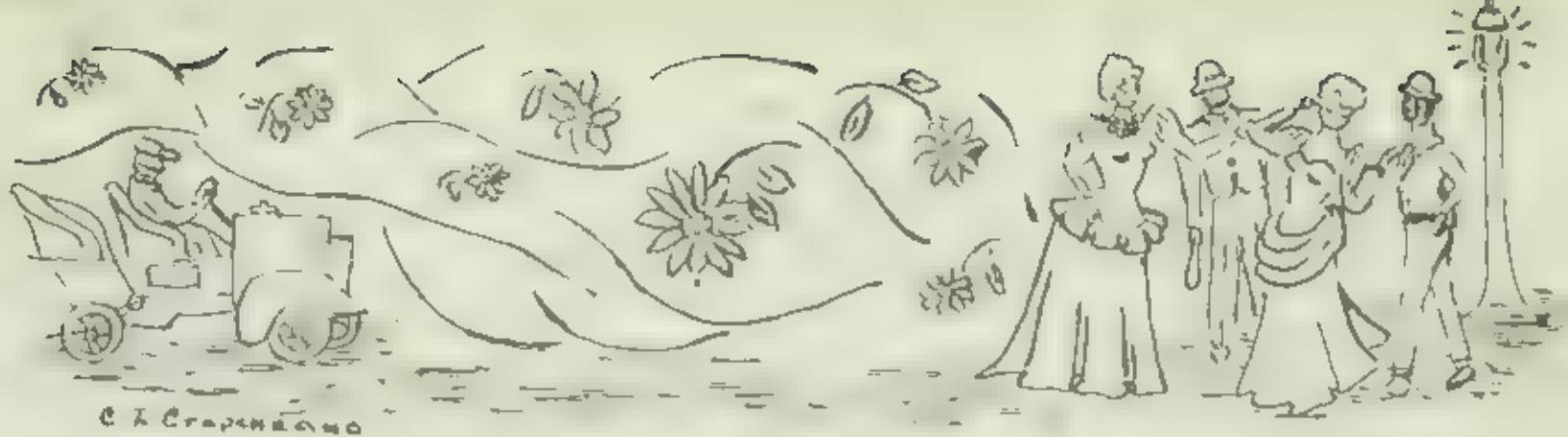
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Contents

| | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| Cover—Roman Karwowski | |
| Remembrance of Things Past | 7 |
| Looking Forward Backwards | 14 |
| Vagrant Thoughts | Kalman Seigel |
| Senior Section | 15 |
| I Can Recall | Eve Schwartz Young |
| A Recollection | John H. Schaumloeffel |
| The Faculty | Iris Kiel |
| Life Among the Undergraduates | 41 |
| The Turning of the Tide | Michael E. Reitzenberg |
| My Heart Is Winging Away | Julia Braunberg |
| Poem | Ralph Fagin |
| Miss Gillman and the Mammoth | Esther Meyerson |
| Love Song | Sylvia Gloria Gurock |
| Compensation | Millicent Akst |
| To a Red Rose | Sophie Kimels |
| Veronica | Ruth Bobin |
| White Stallion | Philip Lerner |
| I'll Never Know | Charles Greene |
| Uncle Jake | Doris Bernstein |
| Goodbye, Childhood | George Kean |
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| The Family Comes to Dinner | Zelde Krulewitz |
| Call Me Pete | Annette Baum |
| A Half Century of Clubs | |
| Fifty Years of Sports | Lawrence Schneider |
| Sports Today | Lawrence Schneider and Sam Grossman |



Remembrance of Things Past

The day was cold, even for February 5, but you found it pleasant to walk down Driggs Avenue in the frosty air, to stroll casually and look about you at the wagons racing by as their drivers urged their horses on. You wondered what the world was coming to. Those speeding horses were certainly dangerous.

Suddenly there was a terrific noise, or a series of noises like rapid-fire explosions behind you, and, as you turned to look, you knew from previous experience what to expect. There it was—one of those new-fangled horseless carriages, or automobiles as they were being called, tearing down the street at what looked like 15 miles an hour at least. You watched it in disgust as it tore by, and turned up your nose at the horrible stench its exhaust pipe left behind it. Of course, the automobile was only a ridiculous fad but you wished people would get over it soon.

As you pushed your finger between your neck and your stiff collar to relieve the pressure of the front collar button a bit, you noticed a girl approaching you. Quickly, you gave your tie a necessary tiny adjustment and tipped your bowler hat as she passed by, smiling slightly. Uncommonly pretty, you thought, and very well dressed. 1900 was certainly an interesting time in ladies' fashions. As you twirled your cane and gently patted your moustache, you thought again of the pleasing picture she had presented in her Gibson clothes, with that large hat and the huge bunch of attractive feathers on one side, her flowing sleeves and skirt, her tiny waistline and her delicate walk.

Ah, yes! Here it was—that school building at So. 3rd St. and Driggs Ave. EASTERN DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL it said above the front door. It was three o'clock so it was not surprising to see that door open and the children come pouring out. *Pouring* was the word. Nothing else could describe the huge multitude that suddenly filled the street. You found it quite possible to believe, now that you had seen it with your own eyes, that 300 pupils actually did attend the new school. No wonder they needed 14 teachers and all those rooms you had heard about—10 classrooms and a huge basement used as a lunchroom, bookroom, gym, and music room.

Our casual stroller on that February day in 1950 must have been even more amazed at the world's increasing speed when he discovered, a few years later, that Eastern District High School had found it necessary to go on double session and in addition use that basement for five classes. But even these measures proved inadequate and Eastern acquired her first annex, McCaddin Hall, which was the scene of her first Commencement in 1904. Sixty-five students were in the graduating class, and history records the fact that Ida H. Harrison was awarded an Alliance Francaise medal at the graduation exercises.

It was the bridge, the magnificent new Williamsburg Bridge that opened in 1903, that was responsible for more crowding at Eastern District. This new traffic artery brought many people to settle in Williamsburg, people who could see what



This house and garden once stood on the site of the present Eastern District Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library—Division Avenue and Rodney Street.

(*B'klyn Daily Eagle*)

Scene in Girls' Lunchroom—1910.

This is the main lunchroom today. Boys had a separate lunchroom until the 1930's.)

(Courtesy of *B'klyn Daily Eagle*)



Sketches from Life—1913

Daisy Art Club under direction of Miss Manahan.



1918—World War I

Mr. Frederick Paine leading boys of Eastern in parade down Fifth Avenue.

the bridge would mean in terms of increased opportunity in trade and industry. So it was that in 1901, Eastern acquired an annex at P.S. 113. But the bridge kept pouring more people into this rapidly developing section of Brooklyn and, with the inauguration of trolley service over the bridge in 1905, the population influx really hit its stride.

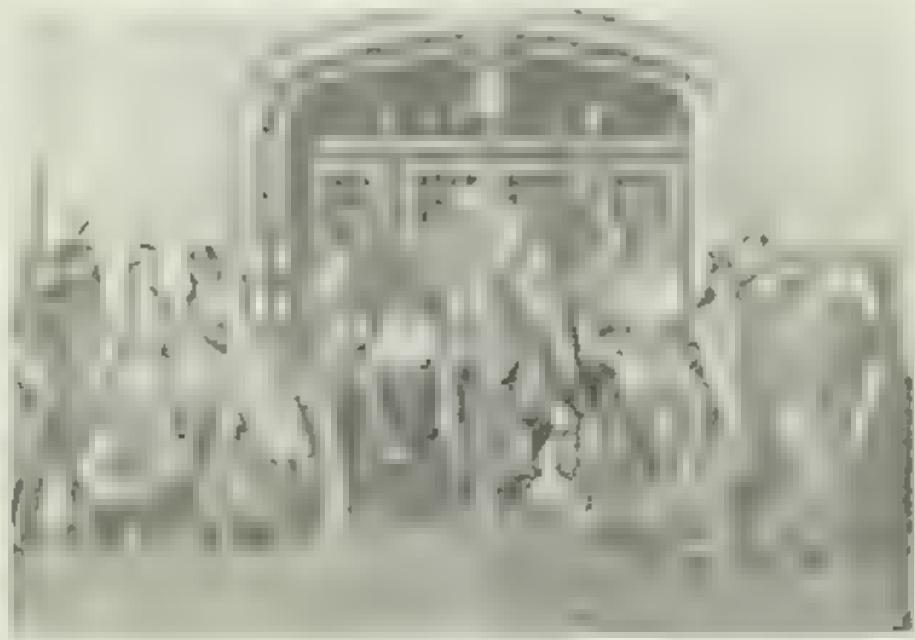
There were no two ways about it. The new school needed a new building and the cornerstone of the present Eastern building was laid on June 26, 1906. With appropriate ceremony and speeches, a copper box was placed inside the cornerstone. Some future archaeologist will, perhaps, discover it some day and perhaps he will find its contents interesting: records of the Board of Education, newspaper—~~an~~ American flag, and a Bible. The new school building was opened on February 1, 1908, and dedicated formally on October 16. In the same year, elevated train service over the new bridge went into operation.

The world was certainly rushing at a dizzy pace. The automobile was proving to be more than a passing fad. Horse-drawn trolleys were giving way to electric ones. Women's ankles had begun to appear in public. The pace was getting terrific.

Life at Eastern, too, was getting more complex. Five courses were being offered: the classical, the Latin, the scientific, the modern language, the English and the commercial courses. Numerous clubs were being formed, all enthusiastically supported. Dr. William T. Vlymen, Eastern's first principal, found his school growing by leaps and bounds.



In 1924, Princeton University conferred honorary degrees on a number of notables, among whom was our first principal, Dr. Wm. T. Vlymen. L. to r.: Frank Calvin Roberts, Michael F. Price, Edward Hopper, S. C. Stetson, Evans Hurst, President Holden, Ambassador John Wm. Davis, Chas. Albert Coffin, Philip Ashton Rollin, Wm. T. Vlymen.



Pocahontas and John Smith
Episode from Pageant of Peace—1920



Forces of World Union
Episode from Pageant of Peace—1920



Goddess of Peace
Episode from Pageant of Peace—1920



Scene from H.M.S. President
as a modern drama—Vernon Lee—1920



Dr. Frederick Wm. Oswald, Jr.
Principal, 1930-1939

World War II –
E. stern contributed
an ambulance
to U.S. Army



And then World War I shattered the old existence. Eastern rallied to the colors and acquitted herself nobly. Many of the students joined the armed forces. Others sold "Liberty" Bonds. President Wilson, in a personal letter to Dr. Vlymen, commended the school on her excellent showing.

In May of 1920, a "Pageant of Peace" was presented to secure funds for a memorial to the teachers, graduates and students of Eastern who had served during the war. The memorial took the form of the mural at the Rodney Street entrance to the school, which was unveiled on October 31, 1922.

The roaring twenties had begun to roar. The flapper was here with her boyish silhouette. Automobiles were now cars and they really began to speed things up. Prohibition and prohibition hooch inspired all sorts of nonsense. People did anything to attract attention, from sitting on flagpoles to bathing in milk.

Eastern was a quiet oasis in all this uproar. It continued steadfastly on its way, adhering strictly to its appointed task of giving its students the best kind of education to meet a rapidly whirling world. In 1930, five years after celebrating the school's silver anniversary, Dr. Vlymen retired and was succeeded by Dr. Frederick W. Oswald. By 1931 E. stern had added two annexes, one on Meeker Avenue and one on McKibben Street. By 1939, when Dr. Oswald left to become principal of the new Lafayette High School, these annexes had been dropped. Dr. Oswald was succeeded by the present principal, Dr. Samuel D. Moskowitz.

The fabulous twenties had been followed by the depressed thirties. Tensions increased all over the world. When World War II broke out, Eastern did her duty again. "Liberty" bonds were now "Defense" bonds and then "War" bonds and Eastern bought her share and more. The school supported all the war drives and contributed an ambulance besides. Once again, her teachers and students joined the armed forces and sacrificed much to hasten the day of victory.

So here it is 1950 and Eastern's golden anniversary finds her still full of vim, adding an annex on Humboldt Street, extending the range of her courses, adapting herself to a radically changed and changing environment, fulfilling new needs as they arise, always serving her community in a thousand ways.



World War II – Easternites do their part

Looking Forward Backwards

The year is 1900, the time is 12 midnight, the setting: a blasted heath in the middle of Williamsburg Bridge Plaza. Three ghastly-looking creatures are leaping around a flaming pot. In screeching tones, all off-key, they sing. "Double, double
toil and trouble. Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

A frightened-looking young Gibson girl approaches them hesitantly. One of the witches (for that's what they are) whisks toward her, screaming, "Who art thou? What is it thou desirest? Speak!" Our heroine stammers tearfully. "I am a reporter for the new Eastern District High School newspaper. If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not, I'd appreciate your giving me a little advance information on the distinguished graduates my school is sure to produce." The witch holds out her skinny hands and says, "Cross my palm with silver." With nervous fingers our girl reporter drops a coin into the outstretched hand. The witch screams, there comes a clap of thunder, a puff of smoke, and the bloody apparition of a truant officer appears and speaks. Miss Reporter controls her shaking fingers and takes stenography notes, which follow:

In 1903, Henry Schacht will be a student at Eastern. Several years after graduation he will return as a teacher. Many years later he will leave Eastern again, to join the cast of *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and then he will go on to Hollywood where, as Henry Sharp, he will appear in many films.

In 1913, *She Stoops to Conquer* will be produced at the school by the graduating class. In it will appear Joseph Auslander, who is destined to win the Harvard Medal for poetry and a fellowship for study abroad and also become a professor at Harvard, as well as one of America's celebrated poets.

At this point, the apparition snarls, "And now we come to one of our favorite sons—a murderer." He cackles frighteningly. "This'll kill you! Know who the murderer is? It's—Willard S. Sprague! In a play to be produced at your school and called *Justice at Last!* In his next play, *A Dream of the Future*, he plays an old bachelor. He comes back to Eastern as teacher and administrative assistant."

Here the cackle becomes so loud that it ends in a paroxysm of coughing and the disappearance of the apparition.

"Tell me more," implores Genevieve. (I've given our girl reporter a name because I'm tired of calling her our girl reporter.)

"No!" shrieks the second witch. "Seek to know no more."

But Genevieve is persevering and undaunted. Also, she knows her *Macbeth*, so she's ready with the right answers. "I will be satisfied," she says. "Deny me this and an eternal curse fall on you."

"O.K., sister," husses Witch No. 2. "More silver, please."

She feeds the flames with old test papers. There comes a second clap of thunder, and a cloud of smoke fades away to reveal the second apparition, a bloody dean. He speaks in a voice that is itself a clap of thunder, and Genevieve throws away her used-up pencil and seizes another to continue the record:

Eastern will produce a novelist, Daniel Fuchs, who will write *Summer in Williamsburg* and be called to Hollywood to work as a scenario writer.

There will be actors like Marc Krah (*Cross Cross, Black Hand*) and Marvin Kaplan (*Adam's Rib, Red Head and Reformer*) and Eugene Smith (*South Pacific*).

There will be lawyers like Hyman Barsky (at one time assistant district attorney of Brooklyn); Murray Gurfein (assistant to Governor Dewey); John McGrath (District Attorney of Brooklyn).

There will be reporters like you, Genevieve (How did he know her name? Must be something to this witch business), and Meyer Berger (of the New York Times and 1950 Pulitzer Prize winner) and Kalman Siegel (also of the New York Times).

The apparition disappears. Genevieve frantically searches through her purse and throws another coin at the witches. The usual thunder and smoke produce the third apparition—of a principal.

Appropriately enough, the third apparition is concerned with alumni educators like Louis Schucker (principal of Junior High School #85) and Minna Colvin (head of the Social Studies Department at James Madison High School) and Eugene A. Colligan (principal of Boys High School and president of Hunter College) and Dr. John F. McNeill (principal of Erasmus Hall High School). He is also interested in George McLaughlin (Police Commissioner of New York City at one time) and Francis McGarry (Judge of Surrogates Court).

After sneering at the three witches (who suddenly look like school teachers), the third apparition disappears.

This time Genevieve's coin and the thunder and smoke appear simultaneously. (By this time, the witches and Genevieve are working together as smoothly as a C.N.Y. basketball team.) The fourth apparition, a gold and white cherub, announces the future rabbis of the East Midwood Jewish Center and the Rockville, Long Island, Jewish Center—Harry and Perez Halpern, brothers.

And now the dawn arrives, the cock crows, the witches disappear (ditto the boiling cauldron and other props) and Genevieve runs back to school, her precious notes clutched tightly, and barely reaches the official class on time. But the strain has been too much. An ambulance is called and she is taken to another Eastern alumnus, Dr. Joseph Wortis, assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at New York University, who listens sympathetically to her incoherent babbling about the witch of Williamsburg Plaza.

VAGRANT THOUGHTS

*True friends
The silent night,
A book of pleasant verse
To while away an hour . . . these be
True friends . . .*

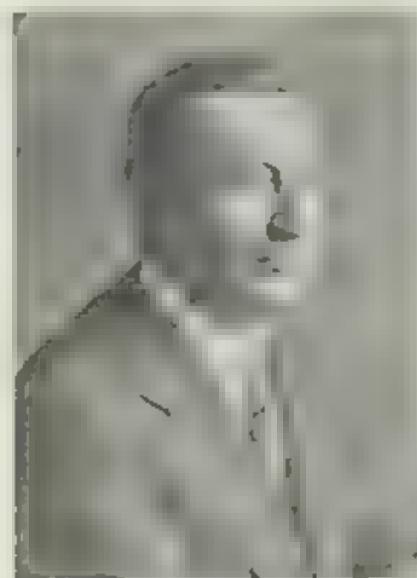
* * *

*Colors . . .
The reds and blues
The many hues and shades
That decorate the artist's old
Palette . . .*

*Precious,
The lost refrain
Of some old melody,
The moment when two lovers part
Is dear.*

—Kalman A. Siegel (1953)

THEY SUCCEEDED



George McLaughlin
Police Commissioner



Eugene Smith
Actor



Eugene A. Colligan
Educator



Murray Gurfein
Attorney



Dr. Joseph Wortis
Psychiatrist



Thelma Porter
Miss Subways



Louis Schucker
Educator



Marc Krah
Actor



Marvin Kaplan
Actor



Hyman Barshay
Attorney



Henry Sharp
Actor

THEY WILL SUCCEED

Maxine Kalish



Jules Kornblau



Alan Yanofsky



Charles Koss



Murray Rosen



Arthur M. Lowitz



Les Korn

Sam Rosen

Geraldine Sherr

Josephine Cimino

Muriel Grossman

William H. Morris

Senior Celebrities

Elmer

Nellie Lee

Eva Silver

Father G.

Clement

Ed. Wink



Elmer

Nellie Lee

Eva Silver

Father G.

Clement

Ed. Wink

Editor



We, the graduates of June, 1950, would like to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation for all the aid given to us by our teachers, and the contribution they made towards our happy and successful high school career.

We are especially indebted to Mr. O'Brien, our Grade Adviser, and Mrs. Makover, our Senior Activities Adviser.

We want to thank Mr. O'Brien for the priceless guidance he gave us during our years in Eastern and for his help in preparing us for the future.

For her untiring work with the Senior Council and the other Senior Activities we will always remember Mrs. Makover.



Mr. James A. O'Brien
Class Adviser



Mrs. Sylvia R. Makover
Senior Activities Adviser

AFSANICK, HARRIET

368 Rodney Street
Senior Council; Seventh Term
Council; Inter-cultural Club; Stu-
dents' Court; Service League; Civil
Service Club; Student Com-
mittee; Typing Certificate; Sec-
retary to Mr. [redacted] — Newman
Bulletin Board

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231 Nostrand Avenue
Service League; Personality Club;
Senior Council; Commercial Law
Club

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ASTRO, ELIZABETH

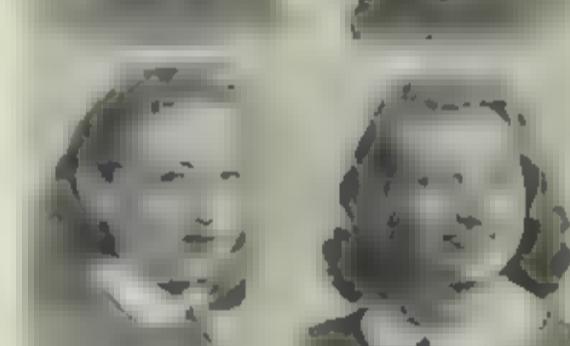
84 Penn Street
Chairman of Ticket Committee
Counselor; Administrative Office
Squad; Principal's Office Secretaries;
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Debutante; [redacted];
Community Committee; New
York City
Coburn School for Fashion Careers
Basel



AUFRIACH, NORMA

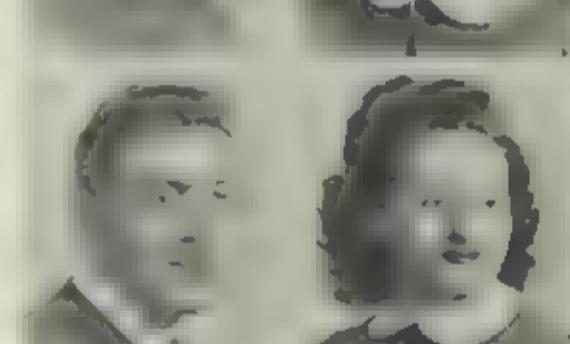
202 Stockton Street
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Stenography Certificate; Dean's Dili-
gence Squad; Hebrew Culture Club;
Grade Adviser's Squad; Civil Ser-
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Cross Club

Secretary



AUFRIACH, REUBEN

103 Ten Eyck Walk
Poughkeepsie



BABIK, MARGARETTE

865 Gates Avenue
Usher Squad; Service League;
Lunchroom Squad; Dancing Club;
Civil Service Club;
Pratt Institute — Dress Design



BAKER, HENRYCE MARYAN

126 Quincy Street
Orange College — Dress Designer



BAUDINE, NANCY

136 Graham Avenue
Vice President and Treasurer of
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Jacobs, Miss Sullivan, and Miss
Hudson; President of Civil Ser-
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Private Secretary

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110 South Third Street
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Squad; Treasurer of French Club;
Students' Court; Typing Certificate;
Honor Citation
C.C.N.Y.

Bookkeeper

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105 Hewes Street
Artist; Representative To Brooklyn
Honor Society; Tutor; Honor Cer-
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Service League; Club Committee;
Students' Court; Forum Club;
Pratt Institute — Dress Design

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Debutante; Secretary to Mr. [redacted]
Leiberman

Secretary

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372 Union Avenue
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Cross Club
Orange College

BENENATT, THOMAS CRIS

152 Tompkins Avenue
Newman Club; Mixed Chorus;
Commercial Law Club; Congress;
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Concert and Operatic Singer

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Secretary to Mrs. [redacted], Mr.
Taube, Mr. Wolpert, Mr. [redacted], Mr.
[redacted] and Mr. Miller; Certificate of
Merit; Honor Roll
To Travel and See the World

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248 South Third Street
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Brooklyn College Happiness



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Brooklyn College of Pharmacy (B.L.U.) Millionaire

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BERLIN, PEARL
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BERMAN, SONDRY
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Journalist

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Woman Wrestler

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Secretary

BLOCKER, RITA
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113 Thames Street
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a Law and Be Lov

BREDO, BARBARA
124 Wallabout Street
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Health, Happiness and Success

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160 Wilson Street
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Secretary to Mrs. Wyman and
Mr. House; G.O. Treasure
Personality Squad; Service
League

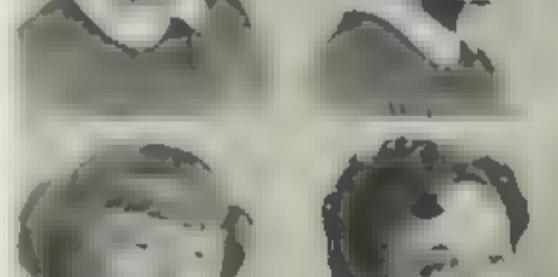
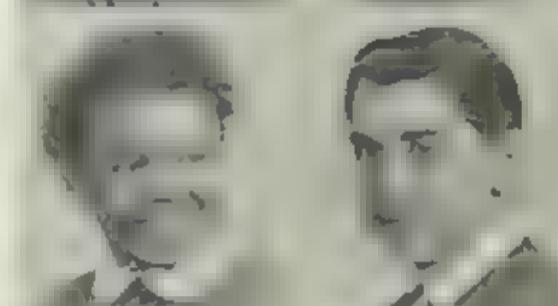
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BRUNSON, ESTELLE

391 Quincy Street
Assembly Squad; Mixed Chorus;
Service League; Personality Club;
Dancing Club; Secretary to Mr.
Schiff and Mr. Miller

Receptionist



CHESTER, ADAM

114 McKibben Street
Visual Aid Squad; Art Staff; Service
League

Musician



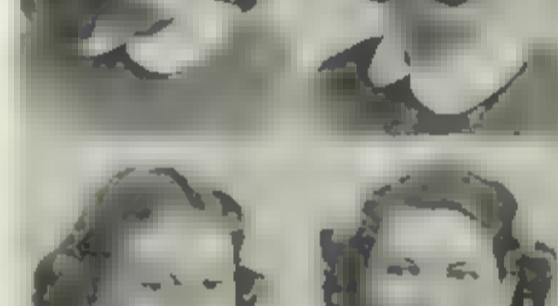
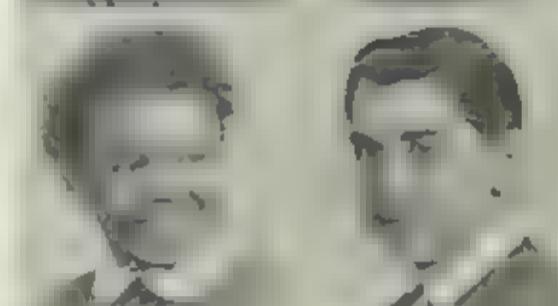
CIMINO, JOSEPHINE I.

317 Rodney Street
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Malament; Honor Certificates: C
Stenography Certificates:
G.O. Committee; Typing Certifi
cates

Civil Service Employee

GIORGIA, SAM A.

138 Withers Street
Secretary to Mr. Lebowitz; Lunch
room Squad; Service League
Accountant



CIRRONE, FRANCES

162 Walworth Street
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Senior Class; Service League
Civil Service Club; French Club;
G.O. Committee

Executive

COOPERMAN, MIRIAM

286 South Second Street
Secretary to Miss Sullivan and
Mr. Taylor; Service League
G.O. Committee



CORTEZ, PATRICIA J.

361 South Ninth Street
Club Committee; Secretary to
Mr. Shames; Art Staff; Service
League; Dance Committee;
Dancing Club

Dental Assistant

CRAPANZANO, LUCILLE C.

171 Meserole Street
Art Staff of *Easterner*

CRESCE, LOUISE

227 Walworth Street
Art: Technical Editor of *Easterner*
Tutor; Service League
Secretary to Miss Holzer and Mr.
Lebowitz; Library Squad; Biology
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G.O. Committee

Bookkeeper

CRUZ, IDA

206 West 92 Street
New York City
Arts; Library Squad; Mixed Chorus; Red Cross Club; French Club; Newman Club; Tutor; Graduate of Merit; Commendation Card; Secretary to Miss Connolly, Hunter College Social Worker



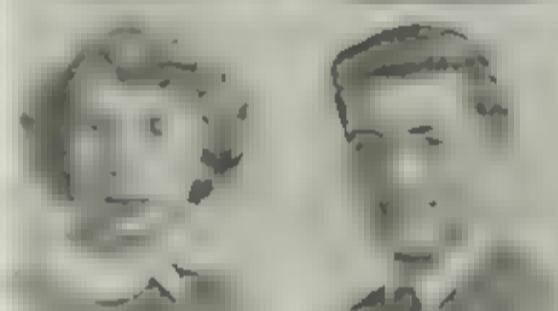
CYTRON, HELEN

168 Hooper Street
Chairman of Social Committee;
Senior Council; Activities Director;
Orienteering Squad; 100% Educated;
Court; Reception Office Squad
Brooklyn College Happiness



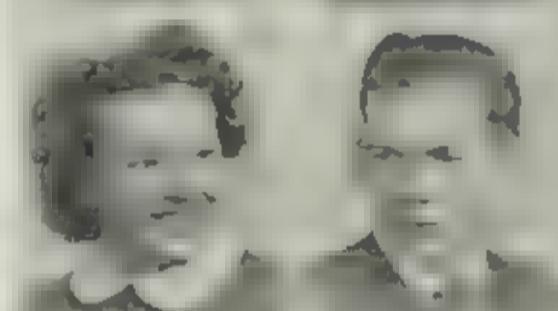
DALERMAN, DON

166 Wilson Street
Congress; Lunchroom Squad; Typing Certificate; Biology Squad
Commercial Law Club; Art Weaving Club
Raise a Basketball Team



DANOWITZ, JUNE

1 Fillmore Place
Service League; Typing Certificates; Secretary to Mrs. Kanof and Miss Berman
Best Looking in the Roller Derby



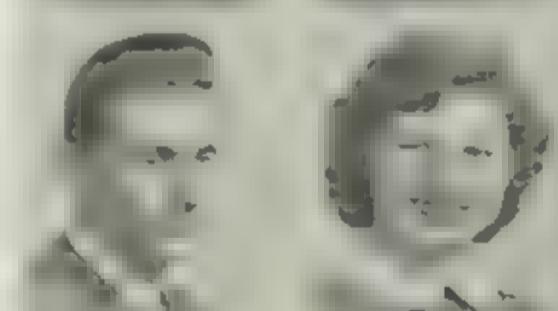
De CICCO, MICHAEL

700 Madison Avenue and Street
Congress; Service League
CCNY



DELLA PALL

146 Skillman Avenue
Service League
Engineer



DELLA GROSE, RAY

30 Armon Place
Congress; Secretary to Miss Trachtenberg.
Educated Wife to Manus



DEMIBER, MIRIAM

930 Dekalb Avenue
Red Cross Club; Service League;
Typing Certificate.

Secretary

DIAZ, RAFAEL

6 Bedford Street
Pan American Service League

DI STEFANO, VITO

157 Lorimer Street
Captain of Baseball Team; Coach of Intergrade Baseball Team; Instructor in Football, Class Treasurer; Service League; V.I.A.D. Squad; Service League.

CPA

DONOVAN, JOHN

618 Leonard Street
Art Staff of *Eastern*; Typing Certificate
N.Y.S. License Educated
Applied Arts & Sciences Hobo

DURKIN, DAVID

272 South Fifth Street
Senior Editor of *Eastern*; President
Student Club; Certificates of Merit; Staff; G.O.
Lecturing Committee; Honor Cards; Oriental Forum
Forum Club; Social Committee; Reception Office Squad;
Brooklyn College Teacher

FICHENHOLZ, BERNIE

187 Ten Eyck Avenue
Typing Certificate; D.O.T.; Secretary
Miss Durkin's Secretaries
Brooklyn College Music Dept.

FICHLER, PAUL

88 Morton Street
Arts; Senior Council; Program Committee; Dean's Office Squad;
Forum Club; Biology Club; Lunch Room Study; 90% Comm. Major
City College

EISENBAND, RITA

11 Mamar Street
Senior Council: Secretary to Mr.
Reinhardt; Danegang Club; Service
Brooklyn College

Intelligent Wife



ESCALERA, RICHARD

282 South Second Street
Captain of Varsity Football Team
Coach of Intergrade Basketball
Intergrade Basketball Squad Leader
Secretary to Mr. Lebowitz
Mr. Tuber

Professional Baseball Player



FEIGENBAUM, ALAN

301 Division Avenue
Congress; Pan American Club; Intergrade Basketball; Intergrade Baseball; Service League; Secretary to Mr. Lebowitz; Class President; G.O. Treasurer; Varsity Baseball Team; Budget Committee Brooklyn College

Sports Announcer



FEDDMAN, DORIS

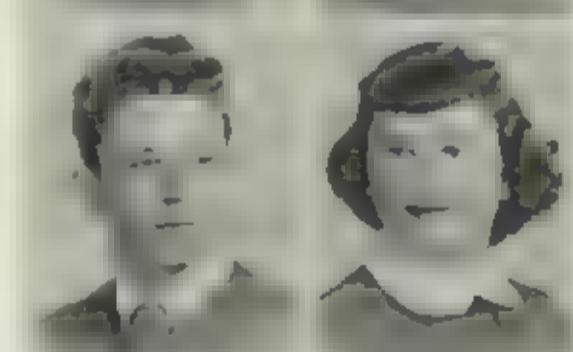
226 Pulaski Street
Red Cross Club; Service League
Daisy Chain; Eastern Staff
Interior Decorator



FICHERA, SONNY

821 Park Avenue
Lieutenant of Service League;
Lunchroom Squad; Leaders' Club,
Students' Court

Pianist



FINGER, CAROLINE

213 Meserole Street
Service League; Secretary to Mrs.
Jacobs; Mixed Chorus
Business School

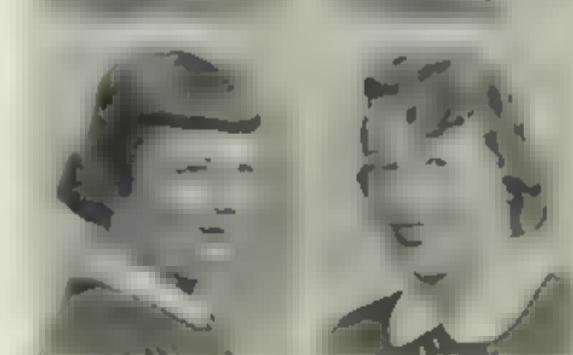
Singer



FISHER, IRMA

56 Lee Avenue
Hebrew Culture Club; President of
Biology Club; Students' Court;
Certificate of Merit; Secretary to
Miss Holzer; G.O. Treasury Squad,
Commercial Law Club

Medical Assistant



FLAMINI, VIVIAN

314 Bedford Avenue
Club Editor of *Eastern*; Secretary
of Arista; Head of Orientation
Committee; Certificates of Merit;
Judge of Students' Court; Mixed
Chorus Attended: Art Classes
Ticket Counter, Latin Club
Lunchroom Squad
City College Language Teacher



FRIEDMAN, IRENE

810 Grand Street
Biology Club; Secretary to Mr.
Malament; Lunchroom Squad; Lab
Squad

Jerry's Wife



FRIST, IRMA

192 Varet Street
Service League; Students' Court;
Mixed Chorus; Dramatic Club;
Hebrew Culture Club;

Coretta Scott King



GAUSNEY, DOROTHY JOY

1713 Atlantic Avenue
Negro Culture Club; Dancing
Club; Service League; Typing
Certificate; Civil Service Club; Com-
mercial Law Club

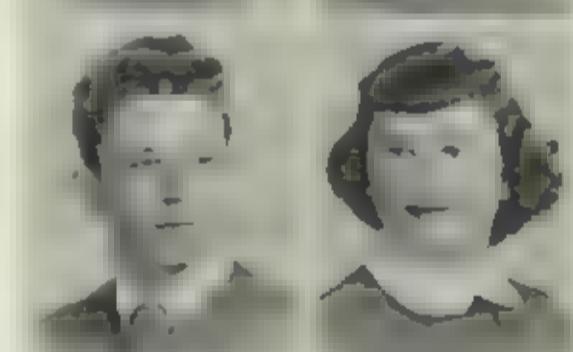
Bookkeeper—Dancer



GELLER, LAURA

373 South Second Street
Secretary to Mrs. Clegg; Certificate
of Merit; Attendance Squad
Commercial Law Club

Educated Housewife



GLASSBERG, SANDRA

41 Morrell Street
Secretary to Mrs. Neubauer and
Mr. Schwartz; Commercial Law
Club; Personality Club; Secretary
to Mr. Ayres

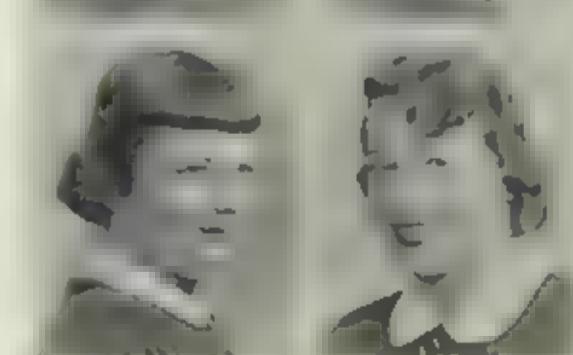
C.C.N.Y. M.R.S. Degree



GLICK, JULIAN

105 Cook Street
Secretary to Mrs. Dukore, Miss
Herrmann, Mr. Taub, and Miss
Seaman; Commercial Law Club
Typing Certificate: 90% Certifi-
cates

Private Secretary to
Vic Damone



GOLDBERG, HELEN D.
2 Penn Street
Editor of *Gold and White*,
C.O. Borough Representative; Debutantes; Secretary of Fencing Team; 90% Certificate Ticket Committee; Mixed Chorus, Brooklyn College Journalism



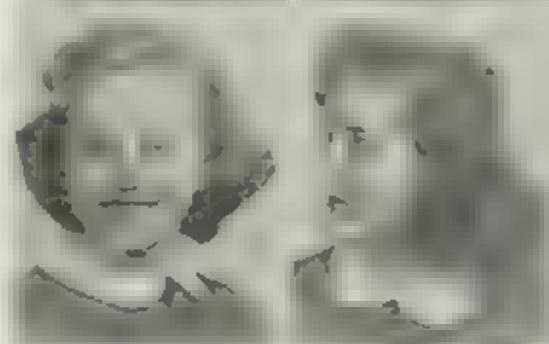
GOLDFARB, LOIS
205 South Third Street
Private Secretary to Howard Duff



GOLDSTEIN, BERNICE
114 Ten Eyck Walk
Dancing Club; Lunchroom Squad
Mrs. Degra



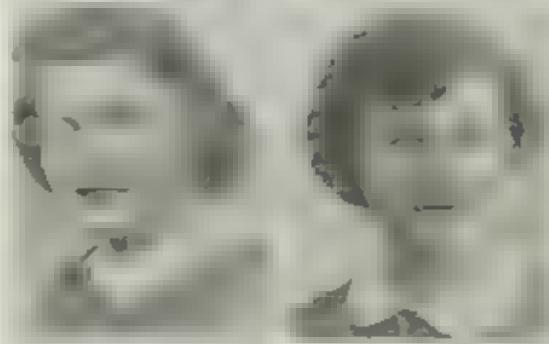
GOLDSTEIN, ELOISE
125 Kean Street
League; Students' Court,
Brooklyn College English Teacher



GOLDSTEIN, ESTHER
367 South Fourth Street
Senior Council; Senior Bulletin Board Committee; Seventh Term
U.S.A. M.C.P.
Bookkeeping and Typing Certificates; Students' Court; Intercultural Council; Forum Club, Brooklyn College Teacher in F.C.



GOLDSTEIN, GLORIA
125 Kean Street
Usher Squad; Cheering Squad; Secretary to Mr. Taub and Mr. Schwartz; Commendation Card; Dancing Club; Dramatic Club; Leaders Club Bookkeeper



GOLDSTEIN, JULIE
609 Hooper Street
Secretary to Mr. Rosenberg, Mrs. Letlow, and Mr. Schwartz; Administrative Squad; Personality Club; Commendation Card; Typing Certificate; Teachers' Club, Brooklyn College Buyer



GOLDSTEIN, MELVIN
151 South Third Street
Camera Club; Chess Club; Visual Aid Squad; Lunchroom Squad, Late Squad; Secretary to Mr. McCormick and Mr. Rudel; Honor Citation; Orchestra, Service League.

GODFREY, ING. SYLVIA
114 Wilson Avenue
Latin Club; Personality Club; Forum Club; Biology Squad; Usher Squad; Debutantes; Ticket Committee; Secretary to Mr. O'Neil; Usher Squad
N.Y.S. Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences Dental Hygienist

GORENSTEIN, CHARLES ABRAHAM
144 Wilson Avenue
League; All City Lieutenant; All City Boys' Basketball Squad; Commendation Card; Dramatic Society; Latin Club; Visual Aid Squad, Columbia University Neurocerebral Surgeon

GREGORY, LAURA FRANCES
102 Gerry Street
Service League Receptionist

GRIESMAN, EDWARD
Driggs Avenue
President of Official Class; Attendance Certificates; Social Studies Squad, C.N.Y. Accountant

GROSS, BLANCHE
163 Hewes Street
Chief Justice of Students' Court; Business Editor of *Eastern*; Arista; President and Vice President of Debutantes; Secretary of Dramatic Club; Captain of Usher Squad *Gold and White* Staff; Long Island Dancing Club, Brooklyn College Social Worker

GROSSMAN, MURIEL
114 Wilson Avenue
President of Debutantes; Captain of Seventh Term Committee; Secretary to Mr. Taub and Mr. Schwartz; Commendation Card; Biology Laboratory Squad, Brooklyn College Teacher

GRUMMER, RHODA

304 South Third Street
Arista; Service League; 90% Certi-
ficate; Students' Court; Person-
ality Club; Tutor; Typing Certi-
ficates; Reception Office Squad;
Lunch Club.
N.Y.

Chemist



GUNSHER, FLORA

332 Keap Street
Dancing Club; Red Cross Club;
Hebrew Culture Club.
Secretary



HACKER, CLAIRE

178 South Ninth Street
Personality Club; Debutantes; Bi-
ology Club; Typing Certificates;
Putman Certificates; Certificate of
Merit.

Private Secretary



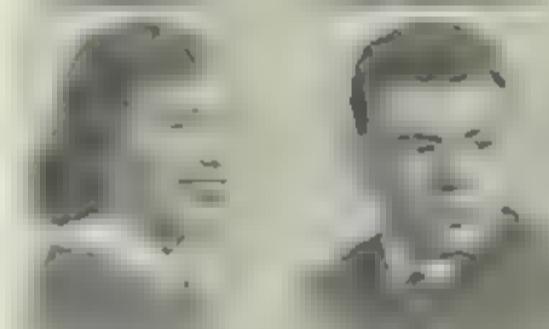
HALL, DOLORES

987 Putnam Avenue
Secretary to Mrs. Wyman; Mixed
Chorus; Stenography Certificates;
and Stenographer



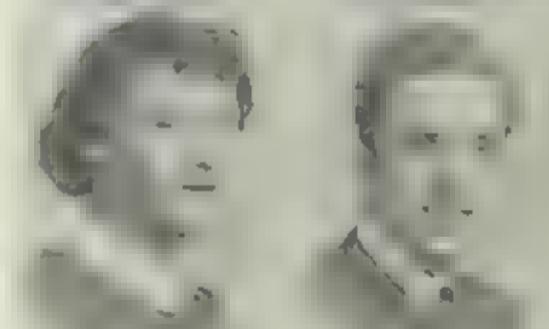
HECHT, HANNAH

90-1m Eek Walk
Secretary to Mr. Lubin; Broomball Squad;
Secretary to Senior Council;
Bookkeeper



HELENER, DORIS

164 Boerum Street
Secretary to Miss Sullivan and
Miss Hudson; Service League;
Shorthand Certificate
Stenographer



HIRSHMAN, WILLIAM

106 Keap Street
Football and Baseball; Chemistry
Squad; Photography Club; Sec-
retary to Mr. McCormack and Mr.
Rudelt; Service League; Sen-
ior Council; Eastern Staff
Brooklyn College
FBI Man



HOROWITZ, ARENE

61 Harrison Avenue
Congress; Secretary to Mr. Taub
and Mrs. Arnold; Debutantes; Re-
ception Office Squad; Detention
Squad; Civil Service Club
L.I.U.

Buyer

IRIZARRY, JOSEPH

70 South Fifth Street
Service League; Dramatic Club;
Olympic Winner
World Traveler

ISRAEL, MAX A.

24-25 Williamsbridge Road
Bronx 67, New York
Orchestra; Swing Band; All City
Band; Typing Certificate; Lunch-
room Squad

JARLONKA, PAULETTE

128 Cook Street
Biology Club; Secretary to Miss
Garretson; Lunchroom Squad;
Service Certificate
Leo Ritter School
For Nursing
R.N.

JACOBS, HARVEY

62 Grand Street
Arista; Camera Club; Biology
Club; Captain of Service League;
Secretary to Mr. Lubin; Tutor;
L.I.U. Physician

JULIAN, GEORGE

593 Broadway
Service League; Captain of Lunch
room Squad; Students' Court;
Drama Club; Biology Club; East
Art Staff; Brooklyn College
Brooklyn College
New York

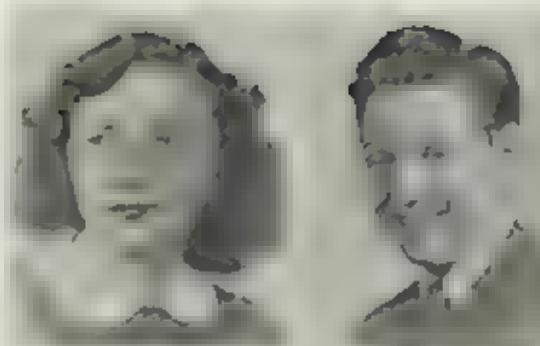
KALISH, ISIDORE

17 Clymer Street
Secretary to Mrs. Wyman and Mrs.
Malment; Art Weaving Club;
Debutantes; Administrative Office
Squad; G.O. Treasurer; Typing
Certificates; Debutante
Brooklyn College
Secretary

KALISH, HENRIETTA

130 Clwymer Street
Reception, Olive Squad; Service League; Secretary to Mrs. Wyman; Miss Frank; Art Weaving Club; Usher Squad; Typing Certificate; Brooklyn College

Legal Stenographer

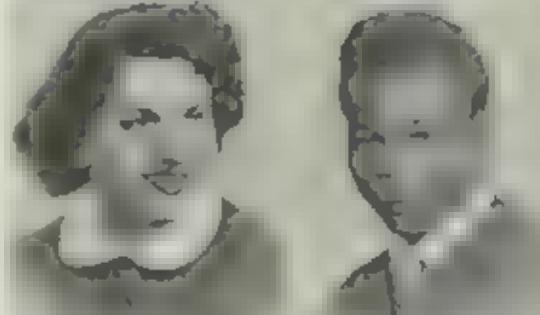
**KALISH, MAXINE**

238 Marey Avenue
Editor-In-Chief of *Gold and White*; Artstar; Eastern Staff; Program; Seventh Term Council; 90% Certificates; Vice-President of Debuteens; Vice-President of Red Cross; President of Eighth Term Council; Brooklyn College

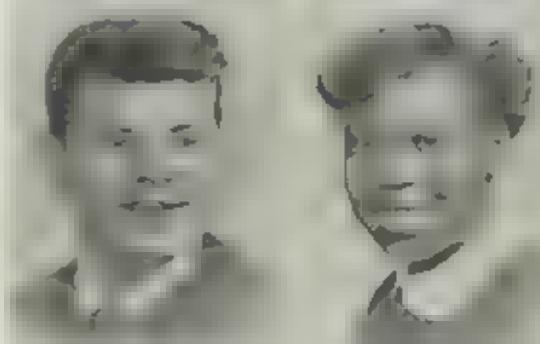
Psychologist

**KANTOR, RHODA**

815 Lafayette Avenue
Typewriting Certificate; Stenography Certificate; Secretary to Mrs. Mellon and Mrs. Wyman

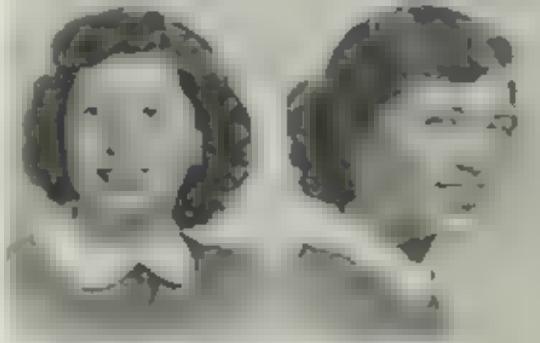
**KAPLAN, MELVYN**

216 Howes Street
Steve Squad; P.A. Squad; Service Band; Fencing Team; Member of Varsity Football Inter-Squad; Brooklyn College

**KASAK, LAURA**

130 Clwymer Street
Students' Court Clerk; Biology Squad; Pan-American Club; Debuteens; Art Weaving Club; Service League

Bookkeeper

**KATZ, JULIE**

234 Pulaski Street
Secretary to Mr. Goldberg and Mrs. Cousins; Service League; Speech Squad; Typing Certificate; Dramatic Club; Debuteens

Educated Housewife

**KATZOFF, LORRAINE**

113 South Second Street
Secretary to Miss Novograd; Students' Court; Civil Service League; Lunchroom Squad; Service League; Usher Squad

Cupid's Patient

**KALFFMAN, HERBERT**

133 Division Avenue
Arts and Crafts Club; Basketball and Baseball; Varsity Basketball; Service League; Seventh Term Council; Senior Council; Secretary to Mr. McCormack and Mr. Rubin; NYU

Drummer

KEAN, GEORGE

646 Wythe Avenue
Secretary to Miss More and Mrs. Palmer; Congress; Borough Council Representative; Brooklyn College

Teacher

**KEARSE, ISAIAH**

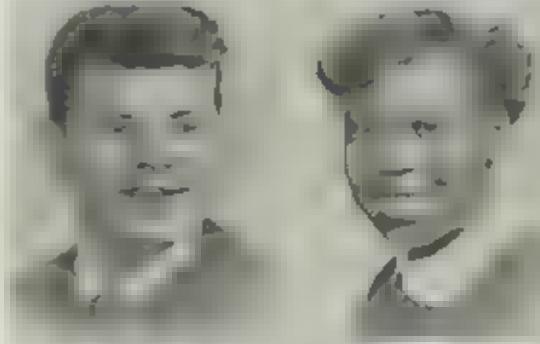
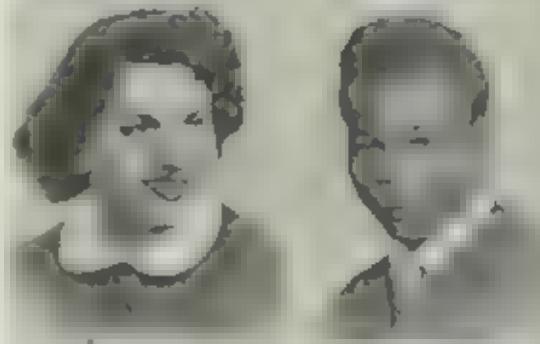
161 South First Street
Arts and Crafts Club; Photography Club; Football; Visual Aid Fencing Team; Typing Certificate; Howard University Washington, D.C.

Army General

KEMP, DAISY

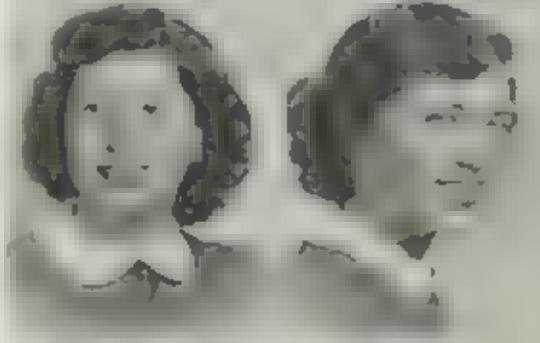
203 Lewis Avenue
Students' Council; Service League; Lunchroom Squad; Dancing Club; Secretary to Mr. Schiff and Mr. Shames; Usher Squad

Typist

**KARP, IRVING**

75 Lee Avenue
Head Girl of Arista; News Editor of *Gold and White*; 90% Certificates; Eastern Staff; Certificates of Merit; Vice-President of Hebrew Culture Club; Program Committee; Class President; Mixed Chorus; Brooklyn College

Teacher

**KIRK, EUGENE**

84 Grand Street
Newman Club; Mixed Chorus; Lunchroom Squad; Service League; Radio Announcer

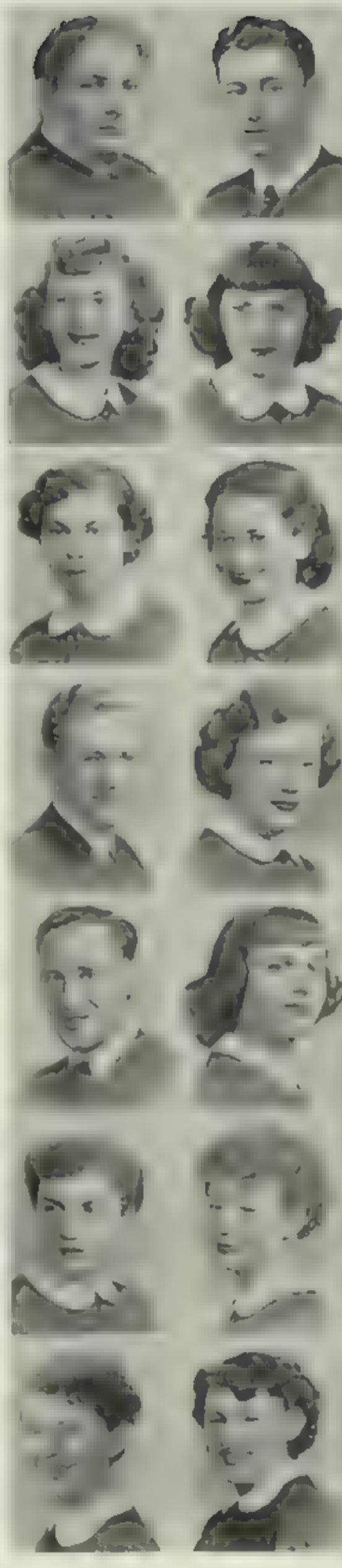
**KLAFTER, ESTHER**

211 Penn Street
Service League; Mixed Chorus; Dancing Club; Daisy Chain; Typing Certificates; Stenography Certificate

Private Secretary



KLEIN, ELIAS
128 Manhattan Avenue
Band
Theatrical Make Up; Mar-



KLEINMAN, CYRIL
8 Lewis Avenue
Secretary to Miss Glassman; Typing Certificate; Late Squad; Sten Certificate

Wife to Irwin B.

KUFNICK, IDA
28 Ellery Street
Arista; 90% Certificates; Typing Certificate; Sten Certificate; Service League; Red Cross Club; Hebrew Culture Club; Secretary to Miss Sullivan; Secretary to Mr. Hale; Commercial Law Club
Bookkeeper

KOHN, IRWIN
56 Keap Street
Head Boy of Arista; Eastern Staff Congress; Death Squad; Tutor Committee; Service League; Biology Club; Photography Club; Forum Club; 90% Certificate; Brooklyn College
Dancer

KORNBLAU, JULES
916 Driggs Avenue
President of G.O.; Art Staff of *Eastern*; Art Squad; Track Team; Basketball; Senior Council; Brooklyn College; Secretary to Mr. Taub; Photography Club; Biology Club; G.O. Office Squad; Cornell University
Physician

KOTLOWITZ, BERNICE
187 Van Buren Street
Private Secretary to Farley Granger

KOZAK, JOAN
146 Penn Street
Arista; 90% Certificates; E. I. S.
Senior Editor of *Eastern*; Senior Council; Secretary to Mr. M. Mr. Taub; Photography Club; Biology Club; G.O. Office Squad; Cornell University
Physician

KRAMER, BEN
101 Clymer Street
C. S. L. C. Co. President;
Track Team; Late Squad; Captain
of the Sten Squad; Captain
of the Fencing Team
Success

KRUGER, SANDRA
198 Hewes Street
Debutante; Commendation Card
Lunchroom Squad; Late Squad;
Secretary to Mrs. Wyman; Mrs.
Fay; Member of Miss Treas
Committee; Secretary
to Mr. [redacted] Club
Bookkeeper; Psychologist

KRUEFWITZ, SALLY
54 South Second Street
Latin Club; Stenography Certificate; Typing Certificate

KUHLMAN, IRENE
121 Grattan Street
Pan American Club; French Club; Typing Certificate; Dancing Club

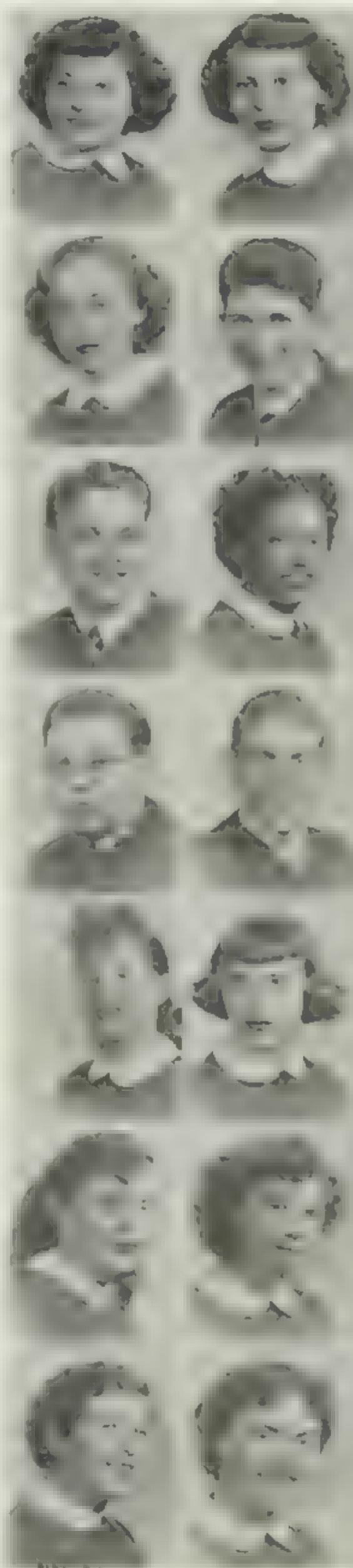
KURZMAN, KALA
106 South Ninth Street
Editor-In-Chief of *Gold and White*; Vice 90% Certificate; Program Committee; Research Editor of *Eastern*; Vice President of Pan American Club; Secretary to Mr. Beaman and Mrs. [redacted]; Cultural Club
Medical Secretary

LEAHY, EILEEN M.
106 Grattan Street
Daisy Chain; Red Cross Club; Pan American Club; French Club
Private Secretary

LEHMAN, LILLIAN
366 South Fifth Street
Attendance Certificates; Secretary to Miss Sullivan; Civil Service Club; Daisy Chain; Cap and Gown Committee; Cultural Club; Dancing Club; Adviser's Office; Commendation Card
Bookkeeper

LEIB, ANITA

49 Ten Eack Walk
Red Cross Club; Daoring Club;
Secretary to Mr. Rosenberg
Secretary



LEIFER, HARRIET

115 Bedford Avenue
Secretary to Mr. Taub; Service
League; Putman Certificate; At-
tendance Office Squad; Typing
Certificate; Attendee Certificates;
Debutante; Civil Service Club; Re-
ception Office Squad; Program
Committee
C.C.N.Y. Private Secretary

LEIMAN, JACK

279 South First Street
Captain of Varsity Basketball
Team; Lunchroom Squad; Deans'
Office Squad; Secretary to Mr.
Shuman and Mr. Rubin; Olympic
Phrenology

LEMANSKI, PAUL

108 Smith Street
Biology Club
Editor; Fireman's Fund
Honor Certificate
C.C.N.Y.

LENES, THELMA A.

295 Dekalb Avenue
Senior Council; Stenography Certificate;
Typing Certificate; Lunch-
room Squad; President
Local W.L.C. President

LERER, SEDALE

202 Marey Avenue
Administrative Office Assistant;
Class Treasurer; Class Secretary;
Commercial Law Club;
Students' Court; Usher Squad; As-
sembly Committee,
Brooklyn College

LEERNER, MILDRED

176 South Eighth Street
News Editor of *Gold and Green* Staff;
President of Pan American Club; Vice-President of
Hebrew Culture Club; Arista; Pro-
gram Committee; 90% Certificate
of Pms; Secretary to Miss Bern-
man; Commercial Law Club
Personnel Manager

LEERNER, SYLVIA

161 Havemeyer Street
Personality Club
Brooklyn College Secretary

LEVINSON, HERBERT

113 Penn Street
Visual Aid Squad; Biology Club;
Secretary to Mrs. Cousins and Mr.
Rudel; Intergrade Basketball
C.C.N.Y. Chemist

LEWIS, WILLIE ANN

365 Morris Street
Service League Secretary to Mrs.
Wyman and Mr. Taub
Drake's Business School

LIPPMAN, JACK

177 Franklin Street
Basketball; Service League;
Attendance Card; Secretary to Mr.
Kornblitz
Millionaire

LIST, ANNETTE

211 South Third Street
Stenography Certificates; Typing
Certificates; 90% Certificate;
Secretary to Mr. Taub; Secretary to
Council, C.C.N.Y.; President
of Commercial Law Club; Secre-
tary to Mr. Taub
Private Secretary

LITVINOFF, REILDA

163 Wilson Street
Typing Certificate; Red Cross
Club; Service League; Secretary to
Mr. Wolpert, Mrs. Kaplan, Mrs.
Scholl, Miss Hudson and Mrs.
Fogel; Lunchroom Squad
Model

LUDDWIN, JUNE

220 Fourth Street
Drama; Young Club; Ticket
Office; Office Squad
Secretary to Mrs. Ficken and
Mrs. Fogel; Typing Certificate
C.C.N.Y. Author

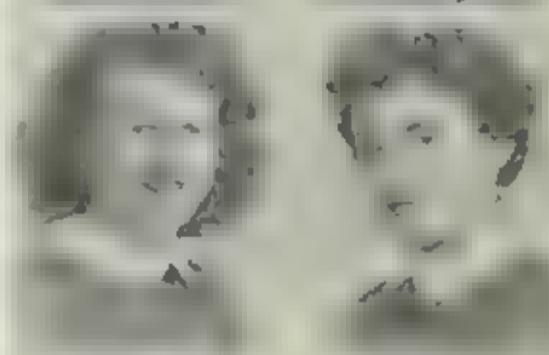
HUNDNER, MANFRED

Hebrew Culture Club; Vice-President of Forum Club; Chess Club; N.Y.S. Inst. of Applied Arts & Structural Techniques.



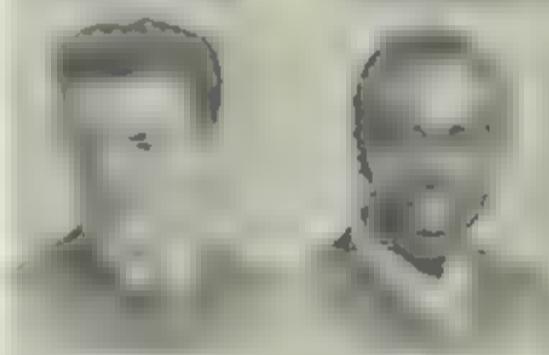
MAMCHUR, JEAN M.

3 Southuydam Street
Lotte Squad;
Model



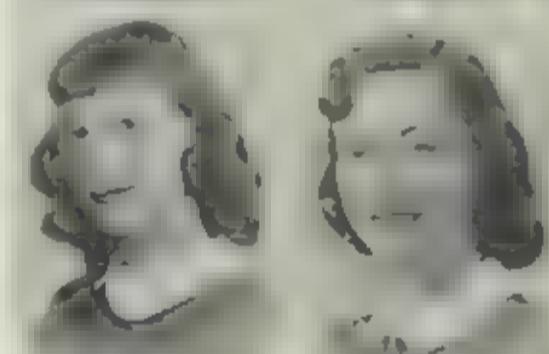
MANDALA, PAUL A.

274 South Second Street
Intergrade Basketball, Baseball,
Varsity Squad; Service League
A Famous Athlete



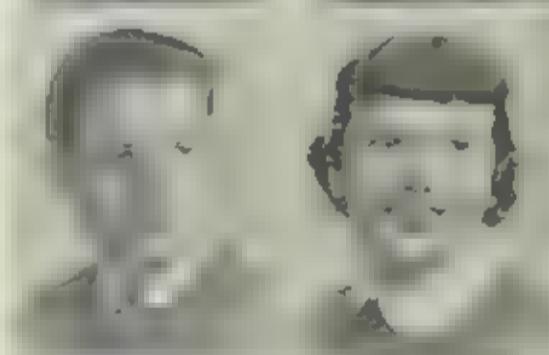
MARCELLI, THERESA

5 South First Street
Service League; Secretary to Mr.
Imber
Great Actress



MARCINKA, ELENA

Service League, Lunchroom Squad,
President of Official Class; Secre-
tary to Mr. Rubin
Accountant



MARDER, SHIRLEY

5 Ten Eyck Street
Class Treasurer; Congress; Secre-
tary to Miss Glassman and Mr.
O'Brien; Lunchroom Squad; Ticket
Committee; Social Committee; Sen-
ior Council.

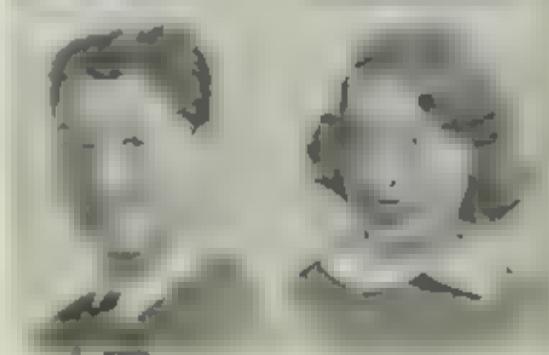
Secretary



MARKOWITZ, BURTON

115 Division Avenue
Vice President of G.O.; Associate
Editor of *Eastern*; Arista; Program
Committee; Deans' Office Squad;
Forum Club; Students' Court;
G.O. Certificates; Certificates of
Merit; Lunchroom Squad.
C.C.N.Y.

Lawyer



MARTIN, NORMAN

151 Taylor Street
Service League; Band; Lunchroom
Squad
C.C.N.Y.

Teacher

MATTO, CARMELITA

299 Hart Street
Pan-Am Club; Students
Court; G.O. Treasurer;
Dobteens; Civil Service Club;
Typing Certificate; Secretary to
Mrs. Wyman; Daisy Chain
C.C.N.Y. Social Worker

MC CONNELL, FELIX

339 McDonough Street
Service League;
N.Y.U. Success

MESSINGER, ISABEL

76 Throop Avenue
Class Treasurer; Tutor; Lunch-
room Squad; Ticket Committee;
Secretary to Mrs. Koffer and Mr.
Geller
Brooklyn College

MILBAUER, MARILYN

82 Hooper Street
Service League; Treasurer of Aris-
ta; Administrative Office Squa-
d; Program Committee; 90% Cer-
tificate; Students' Court; Debut
G.O. Secretarial Squad; G.O. Treas-
urer's Squad; Certificate of Merit
Brooklyn College Teacher

MILLER, JOSEPH

11 Leonard Street
Service League; Intergrade Basket-
ball; Olympics; Track Team
Brooklyn College Law

MILTMAN, ROSALIND

898 Bushwick Ave.
Union Club; Students' Court;
Service League; Gold and White
Staff; Photography Club; Inter-
cultural Club; Commendation
Card; Attendance Certificate; Typ-
ing Certificate
C.C.N.Y. History Major

MINTZ, HARRIS

147 South Fourth Street
Rushmore High School
Track and Soccer; Mr. A.
Cohen's Service League; Line
and Football Team.

**MINTZ, JULIAN**

104 Seigel Street
Secretary to Mrs. Vetter; Sixth
Form Council; Treasurer of Offi-
cial Class; Dramatic Society; Sec-
retary to Mrs. Fogler; Typing Cer-
tificate

Social Worker

**MOELLIN, HOWARD**

188 Varet Street
Service League; Visual Aid Squad
Secretary to Mr. O'Brien; Inter-
grade Basketball; Senior Council,
C.C.N.Y.

Dentist

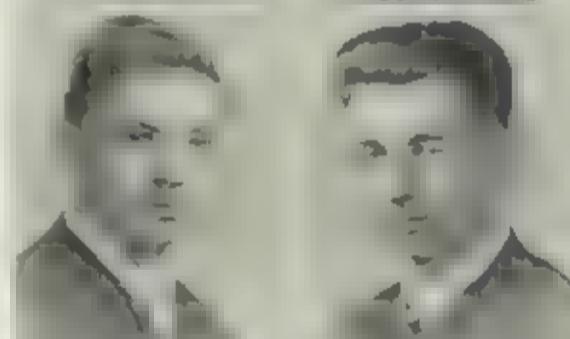
**MORGENSTERN, LEONORA**

132 South Ninth Street
Treasurer of Arista; Assistant Bus-
iness Editor of *Gold and White*
Eastern Staff; Program Commit-
tee; Attendance Squad; 90%
Committee; Hebrew Culture Club,
Commercial Law Club; Secretary
to Miss Berman; Bookkeeping Cer-
tificate.

To Be Happy

**MOSTOFSKY, NEIL**

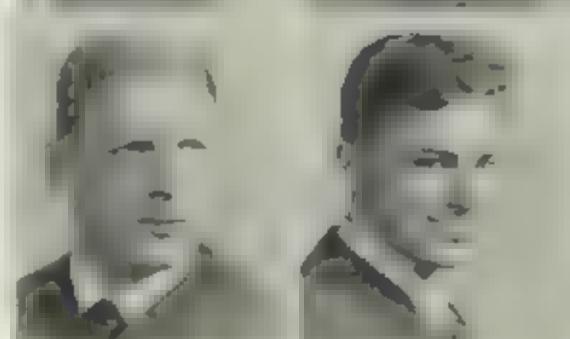
186 Hooper Street
Service League; Lunchroom Squad

**NADLER, LENORE**

1526 West Ninth Street
Artie's Wife

**NEWMAN, WILLIAM**

19 Maujer Street
Secretary *Eastern Staff*
Brooklyn College Architect

**NUSBALM, BEVERLY**

5 McKibbin Street
Eastern Staff; Lunchroom Squad;
Late Squad; Typing Certificate;
Students' Court; Deans' Office
Squad; Senior Council; Adminis-
trative Office Squad; Certificate
of Merit; Attendance Certificates,
C.C.N.Y.

Accountant

NUSSENBAUM, GEORGE I.

116 Penn Street
Manager of Varsity Bassoon Team;
Intergrade Basketball and Baseball
Service League; Secretary to Mr.
Lebowitz and Mrs. Lebowitz; Typing
Certificate

Brooklyn College

OLMO, GLADYS

260 Ellery Street
Secretary to Mrs. Jacobs and Miss
Smallberger; Daisy Chain Service
League

Import Export Secretary

ORTA, NEGLIDA L.

137 Douglass Avenue
Secretary to Mrs. Rader; Service
Tutor; Le Cercle Dancer; New-
man Club; Pan-American Club,
Mixed Chorus; Personality Club
Brooklyn College

Math Teacher

PAGE, DOUGLAS

20 Maujer Street
Intergrade Basketball; Manager of
Basketball Team; Service League
Policeman

PALCHIZKY, EDITH

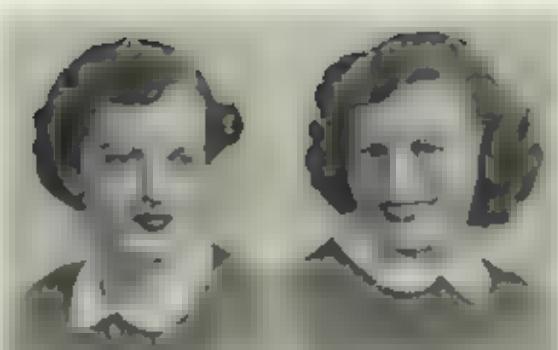
218 Penn Street
Chairman of Parents' Association
Committee; Senior Council; Deb-
utantes; *Gold and White* Staff
Arista; "E" Pin; Dean's Office
Squad; Program Committee; 90%
Certificate
Brooklyn College Success

PARNES, IFO

41 South Third Street
Vice President Biology Club; Service
League; Tutor; Photography Club
Gold and White Staff; From
Crown Club; 90% Certificate
Hebrew Culture Club
C.C.N.Y. Math Teacher

PASQUA, JUNE F.

810a Lafayette Avenue
Class Treasurer; Typing Certificate;
Stenography Certificate;
Stenography Certificate



PATTERSON, LEOLA

116 St. James Place
Typing Certificate
Private Secretary



PEISKOWITZ, HARRIET S.

203 Tompkins Avenue
Debutante; Personality Club; Hebrew Culture Club; Service League; Secretary to Miss Gardner; Mr. Feigenbaum, and Mr. Werner; Attendance Certificates; Business Editor of *Eastern Queens College* Psychiatrist



PERL, MARTIN

293 Hooper Street
Band; Senior Council; Seventh Term Council; Art Staff of *Eastern*; Intergrade Basketball; Secretary to Mr. Rubin; Service League; President of Official Class L.I.U. Pharmacist



PERLOWITZ, NAOMI

140 Wilson Street
Biology Squad; Certificate of Merit
Leader of Squad; Secretary to Mrs.
——— Housewife



PETRUCCI, JOHN

Graham Avenue
Municipal High School; Intergrade Basketball; Leader of Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Secretary to Miss DeMivo and Mr. Lebowitz
Law Enforcement Officer



PLASKER, STANLEY

130 South Ninth Street
Artist; Congress; Program Committee; Dean's Office Squad; Forum Club; 90% Certificates; Service League; Biology Club; Certificate of Merit
U.C.N.Y. GPA



PLAWNER, RAY

265 Hooper Street
Program Committee; Secretary to Miss Berman; Typing Certificates; Debutante; Red Cross Club
M.R.S. Deg. 11

POLACK, PHYLLIS

156 Wilson Street
Secretary to Miss Newirth; Biology Squad; Congress; Class Leader; Certificate of Merit; Commercial Law Club
Secretary

POSHANSKY, IRENE

11 Marlboro Street
Artist; Service League; 90% Certificate; Stenography Certificate; Hebrew Culture Club; Typing Certificate; Attendance Squad; Secretary to Miss Steinhoff; Dancing Club; Ticket Committee; Brooklyn College Happiness Love, and Contentment

PORTOGHESE, PAUL

103 Havemeyer Street
Leader of Swing Band
Fanfare Musician

RABINOWITZ, PHYLLIS

382 South Fourth Street
Secretary to Mr. O'Brien; Receptionist; Oliver Squad; Dancing Club
Typing Certificate
Receptionist

RADERMAN, ANITA

172 Tompkins Avenue
Senior Council; Congress; Secretary to Miss Hudson; Biology Laboratory Squad; Hebrew Culture Club; G.O. Treasurer's Squad, Service League; Forum Club; Club Committee; Certificate of Merit
Bookkeeper

RANNAZZI, BERNICE

120 Boerum Street
Secretary of Early and Late Squads; Secretary to Miss Holtz; Forum Club; Corresponding Secretary of Personality Club; Lunch Room Squad; Art Weaving Club
To marry a baritone doctor

RITCHIE, HARRIET

2 South Fourth Street
Class President; Secretary to Adminis-
trative Assistant; Secretary to Mr.
Drosdow; Students' Court; Service
Council; Home Culture Council;
Cultural Committee; Secretary to
Students' Council; Secretary to
Service Council.



REYES, LYDIA

10 Broadway
Service League; Secretary to Mr.
Grossmark and Mrs. Scholl; Danc-
ing Club; Daisy Chain; Typing
Certificate

Import Export Salesman



RICK, FANNIE

186 Clymer Street
President of Red Cross Club; Con-
ference Chairman; Secretary to
Miss Scholl; Debuteens; Inter-
grade Basketball; Typing Certificate;
Secretary



RODRIGUEZ, INOCENCIA

63 Varet Street
Secretary to Mrs. Lippman
Bull of all Trades



RODRIGUEZ, IRMA

700 DeKille Avenue
Secretary to Mrs. Vetter, Mr. Wer-
er, Mr. Goldberg, Mr. Grossmark,
Mr. Miller and Mr. House; Lunch
room Squad; Congress; Reception
Officer Squad

Telephone Operator



ROSEN, CHARLES

176 Keap Street
Co-Captain of Varsity Basketball
Team; Intergrade Basketball Team;
Coach of Intergrade Basketball
Team; Typing Certificate; Stock-
room Squad; Intergrade Baseline

Hollywood Actor



ROSEN, MURRAY

176 Keap Street
Captain of Varsity Basketball
Team; Coach of Intergrade Basket-
ball Team; Secretary to Mr. Mc-
Cormick; Intergrade Baseball
Team; Typing Certificate; Stockroom

Hollywood Actor



ROSENFIELD, BERNICE

106 Vernon Avenue
Service League; Typing Certifi-
cate; Stenography Certificate
To Travel

ROSENTHAL, SARAH

55A Division Avenue
Students' Court; Secretary to
Miss Albers; Civil Service Club;
Bookkeeper and Stenographer

ROSENZWEIG, MYRA

293 Hooper Street
Service League

ROSS, MARTIN

119 Division Avenue
Seventh Term Council; Congre-
ssional Art Staff of *Eastern*; Pan American
Club; Gold Key Scholastic Medal
Typing Certificate; Attendance Cer-
tificate; Secretary To Mr. Rubin,

Editor of New York Standard

ROTHBAUM, SALLY

3 South Fifth Street
Secretary to Miss Wald-
man; Cultural Club; Dancing
Club; Service League; Service
Council; Art Squad; Cafe
and Gown Committee; Sten-Speee-
d Club, C.N.Y.; Never to Stop
Auditions

ROTOLIO, VINCENZA

5 Roebling Street
Secretary to Student and
President of Newman Club;
Secretary to Mr. Vetter; Latin
Club; Social Studies Squad; Deb-
ate Club; Production Card; Cer-
tified in American Camp, Brooklyn
College; To Be Useful

RUDOWSKY, LEON

116 Second Street
Student

SAFLER, HELEN

364 Hewes Street
Literary Editor of *Eastern* and *White*; Arista; 36th and Stenography Certificate; Debutante; Hebrew Culture Club; Service League; Biology Club; Brooklyn College

Hebrew Teacher

**SALZMAN, FRED**

116 [redacted] Street
Pan-American Club; Intergrade Service League; Seventh Grade Council; Secretary to Mr. Rubin; Senior Council; Band; Congress; Debate Team; Intergrade Basketball

Secretary of Indiana
Retired Businessman

**SAMUEL, LILLIAN**

168 Hooper Street
Secretary to Miss Waldman and Mr. Greenberg; Lunchroom Squad; Senior Class Library; Library Squad; Hebrew Culture Club; Service League

Bookkeeper; Stenographer; Commercial

**SAMUEL, MAXINE**

211 [redacted] Street
Secretary to Mr. Bachman and Mrs. Wyman; Debutante; Judge of Students' Court; Principal's Office Squad; Administrative Office Squad; Program Committee; Senior Class Library; Service League

Cheerleader

**SCAVRON, BEVERLY**

11 Vernon Avenue
Typing Certificate; Secretary to Mrs. Treanor, Miss Kanof, and Mrs. Mellon; Service League; Debutante

Mrs. Director

**SCHAMES, ARLINE**

15 Rodney Street
Art Weaving Club; Students' Court Clerk; Biology Squad; Secretary to Mr. Shuman; Debutante; Tutor; Pan-American Club; Lunchroom Squad

Bookkeeper

**SCHAREFF, HELEN**

134 South Ninth Street
Arista; Class Treasurer; Congress; Program Committee; Biology Club; Hebrew Culture Club; Commercial Law Club; Pan-American Club; Discipline Committee; Club Committee; C.C.N.Y.

Secretary

**SCHENK, FLORENCE**

97 Wilson Street
Arista; Chairman of Club Committee; Representative to Brooklyn Honor Society; G.O. Treasurer's Squad; Forum Club; Commercial Law Club; Hebrew Culture Club; Biology Club; Certificate of Merit; Debutante

C.C.N.Y. Personnel Director

SCHLESSEL, SEYMOUR

59 South Eighth Street
Band; Swing Band; Congress; Service League; Intergrade Baseball; Intergrade Basketball; Lunchroom Sqd.

SCHNEIDER, LAWRENCE

14 Boerum Street
Varsity Fencing Team; NYU Interscholastic Fencing Team of 1950; Track Team; Intergrade Basketball; Arista; Chairman of Tutoring Committee; Sports Editor of *Eastern*; Gold and White Staff Lieutenant of Service League; President of Official Class; Brooklyn College - A Happy Life

SCHWAB, ESTELLE
188 Varet Street
Mixed Chorus; Secretary to Mr. Schleszel; Miss Trachtenberg; Secretary to Administrative Assistant; Secretary of Commercial Law Club; Stenography Course; Dramatic Club

Receptionist

SCHWARTZ, LOUIS

165 Monroe Street
Varsity Basketball Coach of Intergrade; Varsity Tennis
Secretary to Mr. McCormick; Senior Team; Dining Club; Typewriting Certificate; I.P.U. Professional Basketball

SHANUS, NAOMI
377 South First Street
Mixed Chorus; Ticket Committee; Attendance Certificate; Secretary to Mr. Feigenbaum, Mr. Schiff and Miss Nelson; Senior Team; Service Council; Intergrade; Senior Bulletin Board; Brooklyn College
General Editor

SHERMAN, RITA

909 Driggs Avenue
Rod Cross Club; Pan-American Club; Reception Office; Senior Commercial Law Club; Secretary to Miss Sullivan

SHERR, GERALDINE

105 Ross Street
Senior Council; Seventh Term
Council; Congress; Biology Squad;
Secretary to Mr. Taub; Commercial
Law Club; Debuteens; Service League;
G.I.N.Y.

Accountant



SHERMAN, CHARLOTTE

213 Rogers Avenue
Service League; Typing Certificate;
Art Class

Secretary

SILVERMAN, IRENE

108 Seigel Street
Secretary to Mrs. Cousins and Mr.
Schwartz; Service League; Class
Treasurer; Congress; Commercial
Law Club; Chairman of Disciplinary
Committee

Private Secretary

SILVERMAN, NORMA

117 Rodney Street
Congress; Stenography Certificate;
Typing Certificate; Secretary to
Mr. Taub and Mr. Polans; Dan-
cing Club; Debuteens; Service
League; Commercial Law Club;
Receptionist

SILVERSTEIN, LILA

153 Rodney Street
Mixed Chorus; Personality Club;
Students' Court; Secretary to Mr.
O'Donnell and Mr. Ketchum; Red
Cross Club; Library Squad; In-
dependent; Commercial Law
Club

Private Secretary

SILVERSTEIN, WILLIAM

151 Floyd Street
Intergrade Basketball and Baseball;
Stock Room Squad; Service
League; Secretary to Mr. Rubin;
Senior Council
City College

Successful Businessman

SIMON, RENEE

908 Driggs Avenue
Debutantes; Pan American Club;
Hebrew Culture Club; Program
Committee; Red Cross Club; Sec-
retary to Miss Berman
Folk Dancer
Typing Certificate; Receptionist
Squad

Private Secretary To
Tony Martin

SKOPP, FLORENCE

138 Edery Street
Artist; 90% Certificate; Typing
Certificate; Hebrew Culture Club;
Commercial Law Club; Pan-American
Club; Service League; Sec-
retary to Miss Grossman; Mr. Taub
and Mr. Droskin
Brooklyn College Accountant

SOLOMITA, PATRICK

239 Withers Street
Service League; Latin Club; Pan-
American Club

Dental Technician

SOLOMON, ADRIENNE

337 Vernon Avenue
Secretary to Mrs. Reinhardt and
Miss Frank; Chorus; Gold and
White Staff; Eastern Staff; Debu-
teens; G.O. Office Squad; Pub-
licity Committee; Ticket Commit-
tee; Dramatic Society; Students'
Court

Barnard College Teacher

SPIEGEL, JERRY

197 Stagg Walk
Service League; Intergrade Basket-
ball; Varsity Baseball

Deep Sea Diver

STEINMETZ, BELLA

299 Vermont Street
Secretary to Mr. and Mrs. Cohen
and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenblatt
Forum Club
Miss America; Miss Subways

STERIANO, ROSE MARIE

116 Rose Avenue
M.G.M. Studio; Service Club
Secretary to Mrs. Weiss; Class Treasurer
Stenography Certificate; Typing Certificate

Court Stenographer

STIRM, ARTHUR

116 Wallabout Street
Service League; Stage Squad; Pan-
American Club; Attendance Cer-
tificate; Bookkeeping Certificate

SUBIN, LARRY

876 Lafayette Avenue
Swing Band; Track Team;
Secretary to Mr. Mazer; Late
Squad.
Brooklyn College

A Lazy Success-



SUMMERS, DORIS

52 West 139 Street
New York City
Secretary to Mrs. [redacted]
Mrs. Dakore's Service
League; Service Squad;

U.S.A.T.C.

TANKSLEY, ROSE

139 Clermont Avenue
Secretary to Miss Connolly; Negro
Culture Club; Mixed Chorus; Service
League; Personality Club; Congre-

Telephone Operator

TAYLOR, RITA

376 Keap Street
Senior Council; Senior Bulletin
Board; Class Treasurer; Secretary
to Dr. Horowitz and Mr. [redacted];
Attendance Officer Squad; Art Weaving
Club; English Bookroom
Squad; Ticket Committee; Senior
Council; Institute of Applied Dental
Arts and Sciences Hygienist

TOBAK, SONDRAL

192 Monument Walk
Service League; Club Com-
mittee; Dance Officer; Sec-
retary to Miss R. Ginsburg.
Private Secretary

TOPOL, RENEE

Secretary to Miss [redacted]
Students' Court.
Bookkeeper

TURNER, MONA

147 Monroe Avenue
Swing Band; Dance Club;
Service League; Secretary to Mr.
Dukore; Service Squad.

A Happy Life

UNGER, GLORIA

393 South Second Street
Personality Club; Usher Squad;
Swim Trophy Certificate; Typing
Certificates.
Brooklyn College

Private Secretary

VALENTIN, ERIN

8 Monument Walk
Service League; Intergrade Base-
ball; Lunchroom Squad

VERGARA, ANNA

37 South Second Street
American Club; Personality
Club; Service Squad; Service

Office Clerk

VIVONETTO, JACK

188 Graham Avenue
Lunchroom Squad; Service
League; Mixed Chorus; Typing
Certificates; Visual Aid Squad;
Building Committee

VOLANGIS, FLORENCE

334 Chancery Street
Honor Certificate.
Happiness

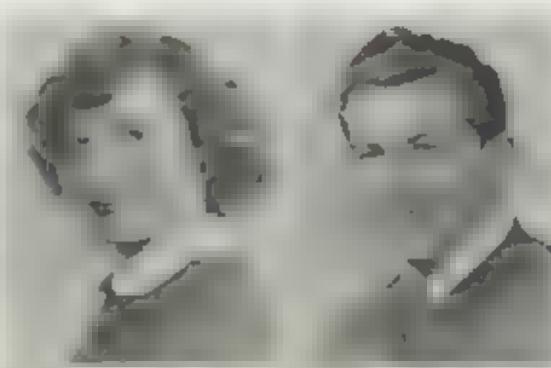
WAGSHALL, MARYLYN L.

193 Rodney Street
Typing Certificate; Biology Squad
Service League; Secretary to Mrs.
Wagman.
Bookkeeper

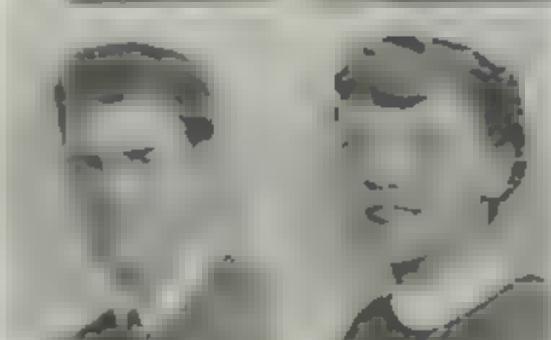
STUTMAN, MARYLYN

1 Division Avenue
Typing Certificate; Fashion
Club; Dancing Club; Service
League; Secretary to Mrs. K.,
Mrs. Watkins, and Mr. Levine.
Model

WEINSTEIN, RUTH
602 Bedford Avenue
Stenography Certificate; Typing
Certificate; Secretary to Miss
Weiss; Students' Court Clerk; B
klyn College; American Club
C.N.Y.



WALTER, BERNARD
20 Moore Street
Chairman of Publicity Co.
Dramatic Club; Track
Olympics;
University of North Carolina
Radio Announcer



WARSHAW, EUGENE
415 South Fourth Street
Secretary to Mr. Lebowitz, Mr.
Rubin and Mr. Rudel; Visual Aid
Squad; Service League; Fifth
Term Council

Leader



WEINRIB, HELEN RUTH
2 Penn Street
G.O. Cabinet; Head of Orientation
Committee; Congress; Certificate
of Merit; Dean's Office
Squad; Attendance Office Squad;
Ticket Committee; Social Committee
Brooklyn College Success



WEINSTEIN, JACQUELINE
19 Varet Street
Forum Club; Dancing Club; At
tendance Office Squad; Union
Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Various
Other Squad; Secretary to
Mr. Taub; Commercial Law Club
Brooklyn College Journalist



WEISS, SYBIL
112 Pulaski Street
Stenography Certificates; Service
League; Commendation Cards
Brooklyn College Stenographer



WERENTZIK, MARIA
135 Rodney Street
Feature Editor of *Gold and White*,
Aristar; President of Hebrew Culture
Club; Biology Club; Ticket
Committee; Secretary to Miss Weisman
and Mr. Drosdin; Stenography
Certificate; Service League
Brooklyn College Hmmm



WEIXLER, MEYER
338 South 11th Street
Secretary to Mr. Taub and Mr.
____; Attendance Office Squad
Good Housewife

WEIK, IRENE
294 South First Street
Secretary of Arista; Eastern Staff
Commercial Law Club; 90% Certi
ficates; Attendance Office Squad
Secretary to Mrs. Fogler and Mr.
____; Shorthand Certificate
C.N.Y. Accountant

WILLENSKY, MARTIN
117 South Ninth Street
Elks Club; Service League

WILLIAMS, GLADYS
2 Throop Avenue
Secretary to Negro Culture
Club; Service League
A Success

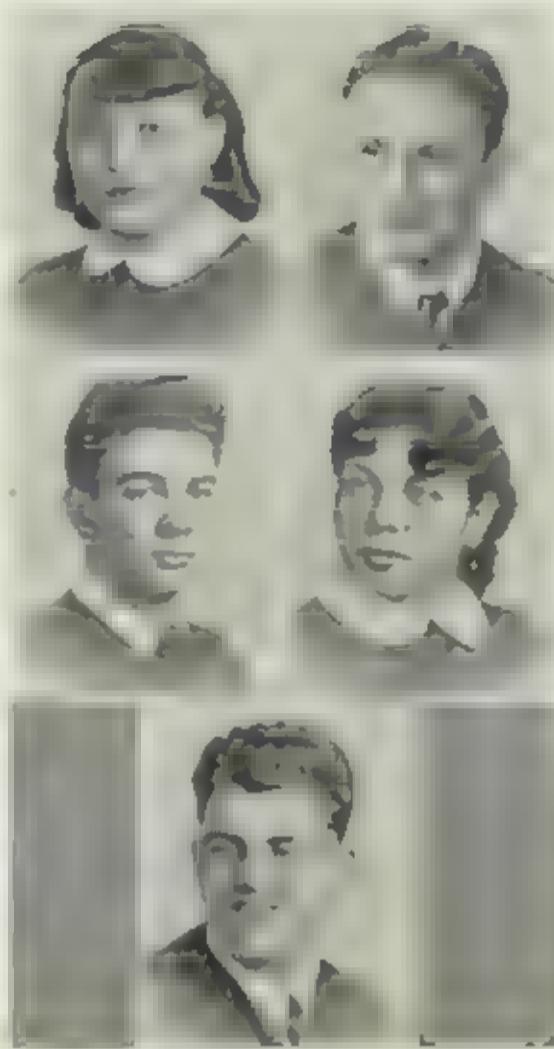
WODKA, MARYLYN
219 Hewes Street
G.O. Treasurer; Typing Certificate
Secretary to Mr. Taub; Debaters;
Drama Squad; Civil Service
Secretary; Attendance Office Squad;
Ticket Committee; Brooklyn College
C.N.Y. Private Secretary

WOLITSKY, STANLEY
86 Carlton Avenue
Hebrew Culture Club; Speech
Squad; Service League; 90% Cer
tificates
Brooklyn College Pharmacy (111) Pharmacist

YANOFSKY, ALAN
108 Bedford Avenue
Treasurer of G.O.; Dean's Office
____; Program Committee; Latin
Forum Club; Aristar; Lunch
room Squad; Photography Club
90% Certificates; Representative to
Borough Council
C.N.Y. Big Business

ZIRIN, ROSLYN

132 Keap Street
Secretary to Miss Alice Is...
Certificates: Service League



ZITO, ROCCO

110 South Fourth Street
Secretary to Mr. Lebowitz, Mr. Rus...
Member: Visual Aid Squad; Future Baseball; In...
President: Class President
Brooklyn American Club.

ZUCKMAN, MARTIN

192 Ellery Street
Service League; Early Squad; Late
Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Handi-
craft Club; Band; Dramatic So-
ciety; Intergrade Basketball; Re-
creation Committee
Brooklyn College C.P.A.

ZUCKER, JACK

36 St. Edwards Street
Secretary to America
C. I. O. Local 1000
U.C.N.Y. Accountant

ZUCKERMAN, SONDRA

604 Division Avenue
Service League; Pitman Certificate
Typing Certificate; Debutees; Sec-
retary to Mr. Taub, Mr. Schwartz
and Mr. Schames; Attendance Of-
fice Squad
U.C.N.Y. Private Secretary

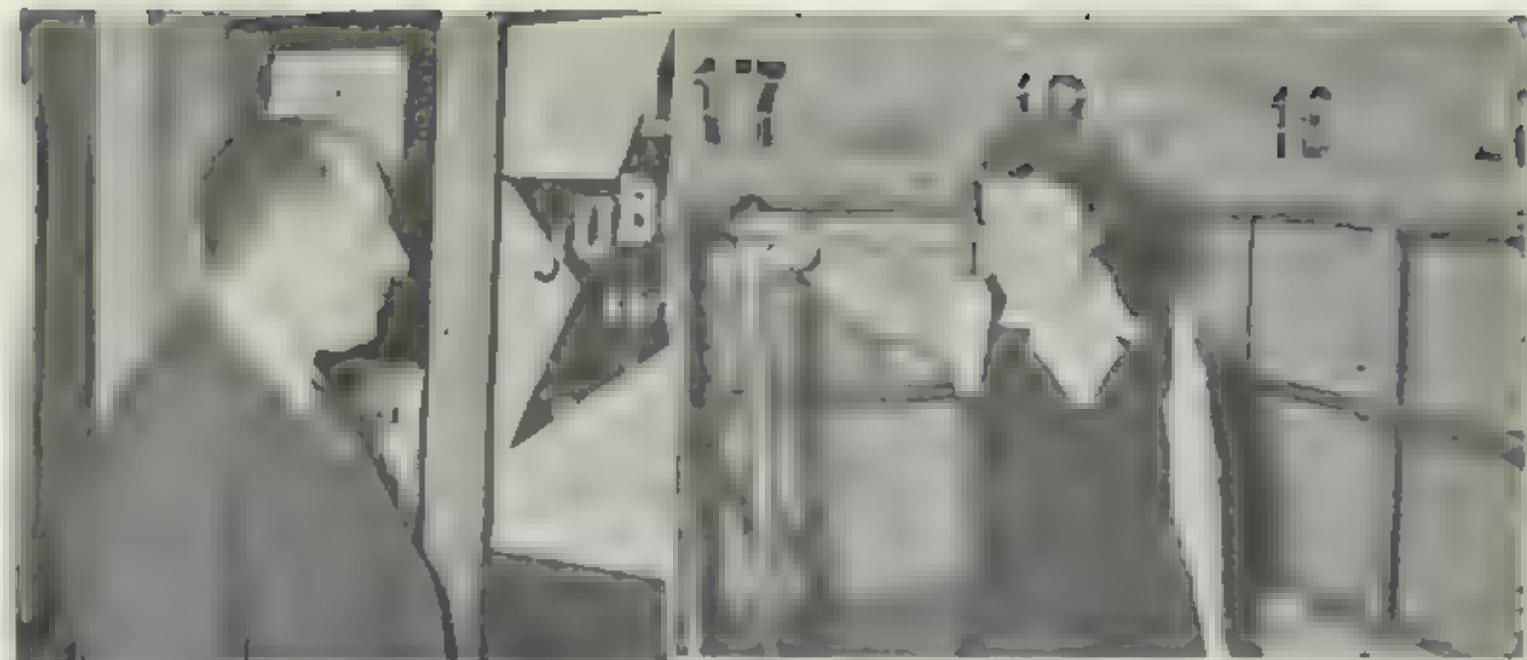
As Cowper might have said
"Now let us say, Long live U.S.A.!
And Eastern, long live she
And when she next doth jubilate
May we be there to see!"



DOXIE



Dr. Isidore M
Fischman



Miss Gem
Sullivan



Mr. Casper
Drosdoff



Miss Anna
Fleming

Mr. Reuben
Silver

Miss Cecilia
Southee



EVE SCHWARTZ YOUNG

"I Can Recall—"

The Friday night debates, where our team would valiantly argue a cause with the team of another high school.

The beautiful performances of "The Mikado" and "Pinafore," as well as the artistic and almost professional one of "Cavalleria Rusticana." These were gala occasions, attended by not only the students of Eastern, but the entire neighborhood!

The heartbreaking occasions when "tryouts" for the Dramatic Club were held—with the consequent joy over the outcome—for the successful contestants!

The inspiration emanating from the talk given to the entire student body, by one of our most illustrious and world famous graduates—the beloved poet, Joseph Auslander. The day you were chosen to speak to the student body on some topic (completely forgotten now) and climbed the steps to the platform, clad in your middy blouse, pleated skirt, and tie and you blacked out—and then spoke in a voice totally unrecognized by you! And your amazement at the applause which followed your closing sentence!

The beautiful songs you learned in your music class held in the auditorium and presided over by a musician who, tried to the utmost by your combined class antics, still managed to instill in you a deep reverence for "good" music.

The "after school" coaching periods in Latin which you tried to escape, and later found to have been of inestimable value on subsequent examination days!

The Latin teacher who greeted your stumbling efforts at translation with "That is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring."

The graduate now holding high official position in Eastern who brought a watch with alarm attachment to class, and had it go off at a most inopportune moment!

Our principal, wearing his black silk skull cap (for he was an elderly gentleman susceptible to draughts!) intaking his mid-morning cup of coffee in the luncheon room.

The various pink "detention slips" which you somehow managed to keep from detaining you!

The hectic after-school meetings of the "Daisy" staff—when the Ed-in-Chief waxed so sarcastic as to his staff that one or two (females, of course) were induced to resign, or telling him off at every meeting.

The various "columns" in the paper—Athletics, News, Gossip, Poetry, Fiction and the blasting criticism delivered by editors to each other.

The momentous and happy day when your song was sung at class day—you were the class "prophetess"—in fact, as far as your family could see, you were the entire performance, for you had also written the class play!

The sessions of so-called study at the Williamsburg Public Library—the upstairs study room—the friend who studied with you, and whose deep bass voice would bring an admonishing shake of the head from the Librarian in charge!

The time when two basketball games (in the school gym) and an equal number of debates, attended by you and the particular "boy friend" of the day, was a sign that you were fairly serious about the attachment!

The weird combination of sights, smells, and actions in the gym—the days when navy-blue pleated "gym" bloomers, black "ballets," and white middy were regulation for gym, and crammed into small lockers, were pulled out and hastily donned twice weekly. The many happy days—the few heartaches—the wonderful friendships—the "crush" on various handsome male instructors—the pleasure in the friendship of one or two of the women instructors who gave you help and advice—and best of all, understanding when you needed it—

All these I recall with a nostalgia that is part of my being, and my love for the High School that was not only an integral part of my education, but an understanding and loyal friend!



JOHN H. SCHAUMLÖEFFEL,
'01

A Recollection

By the Author of *Our School Song*

When I went to Eastern District High School, it was located in a small red brick building at Driggs Avenue and South Third Street. I lived at 107 Graham Avenue and the only way to get to school was to walk. You may be interested to know how the school song, the *Gold and White*, came to be written. At the time Eastern District was without a school song. I decided to try to write one that would be satisfactory. One morning, just after breakfast, I got the idea that since the

Principal, Dr. Vlymen, was a Princeton graduate, the tune of the Princeton song, *Orange and Black*, would be a good tune, which would also please Dr. Vlymen. Having written several poems which the newspaper, the *Brooklyn Citizen*, had published, I, at least, had an ear for rhythm.

On a piece of paper in which a loaf of bread had been wrapped, I scribbled the first draft of the *Gold and White*. In school, several days later, I showed the words to a classmate, Irving Goldenberg. He suggested that I show it to our music teacher, Mr. O'Donnell, I think his name was. I didn't think the song was good enough for a school song, and I said so. My classmate grabbed the sheet of paper and ran away with it.

During the lunch period, the Music teacher sent for me. He said the words were very good, so we sang it together. The next thing I knew I was in the Principal's office. Dr. Vlymen looked over the song and seemed quite pleased, especially since it was the tune of a song of his Alma Mater. He suggested a few changes in the wording, and so the *Gold and White* was born.

In the old building we used to have to walk several blocks to McCaddin Hall for assembly exercises. Not liking assemblies, several of us used to step behind a pile of boxes in front of a grocery store and spend the period eating pickles and crackers. We would step back into line when our class came back.

I played on the basketball team for three years and was manager of the football team. Among the star players were Harry McGarin and Bill Skidmore. I taught science in high school for over 35 years and retired in 1946. I was chairman of the Department of Applied Physics in the Brooklyn Technical High School for over twenty years. With happy remembrances of those good old days at Eastern, I am

Sincerely

John H. Schaumloeffel, '01

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personal appearance
at any

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15c 25c 35c 50c



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Corset Waist

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The Faculty

By IRIS KIEL

Fifty years at Eastern! A half century! A good number of years as the calendar goes and as faculty members go.

In February of 1900, Eastern's faculty consisted of thirteen teachers in the following subjects: three in English, two each in Latin, history and biology, and one each in mathematics, German, physical training and commercial subjects. Six new appointments to various departments were made in September of that year thus beginning Eastern's tradition of getting the very best in the way of teachers!

As Eastern begins to grow, we encounter such notable members of the faculty as Dr. Eugene Colligan, himself an Eastern alumnus. Dr. Colligan left Eastern to become principal of Boys High School, and later, President of Hunter College. Head of Hunter College Extension was A. Broderick Cohen, former teacher at Eastern. Superintendent of New York City Schools before he died was Dr. Campbell, another Eastern teacher. Present Associate Superintendent Jacob Greenberg also taught here. The former head of our Social Studies Department, Dr. Woolf Colvin, is now principal of Seward Park High School. Too numerous to mention are all the Eastern teachers who became chairmen of their respective subjects in other high schools or principals of junior high and elementary schools.

The Risikoff Medal, awarded at Commencement for outstanding work on the school paper, is dedicated to the memory of Mr. Seymour Riskoff, English teacher and faculty adviser of the *Gold and White*, who was killed in World War II.

A good number of Eastern's present-day faculty are graduates of Eastern. Four members of the secretarial department who have returned to Eastern's portals are Mrs. Rebecca Stern Epstein, Mrs. Grace Pichel Dukore, Mrs. Belle Solomon Goldenberg and Miss Esther Holzer. In an interview with Mrs. Epstein, your reporter discovered that Eastern used to hold Field Days at Curtis High School in June where various competitive games and relay races were held. She could also remember the two-minute setting up exercise drills at the beginning of each period. The popular saying in the school then was, "Throw up the windows, throw out your chests." At that time each senior class chose the theme of their senior day. Mrs. Epstein's grade chose Baby Day when the girls came dressed with ribbons in their hair and socks instead of the customary long stockings. The boys wore short pants and Eton collars. G.O. dues were twenty-five cents. Severe disciplinary measures were taken if a student looked the wrong way at the wrong time. Mrs. Epstein began teaching at Eastern in 1934.

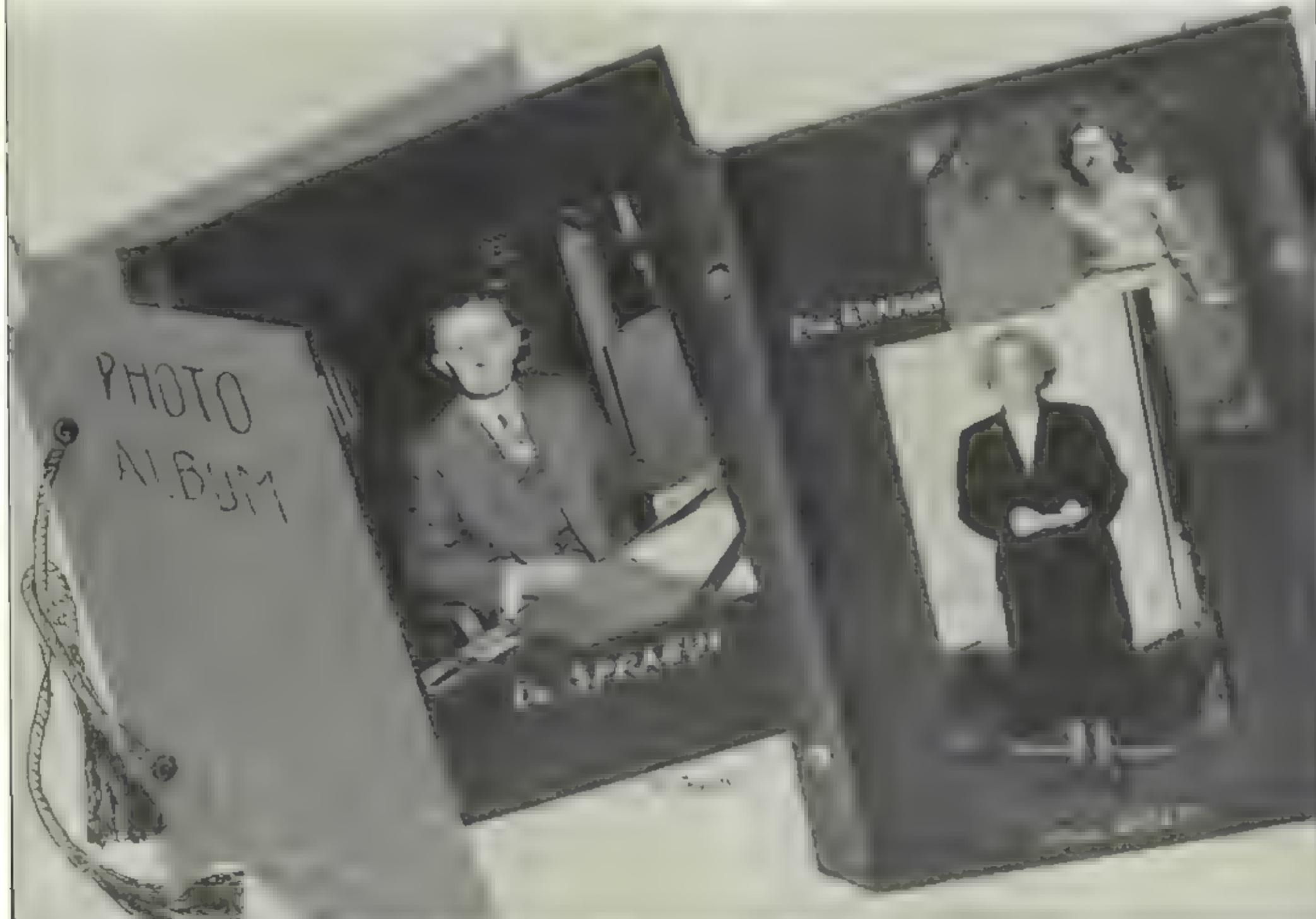
Mrs. Dukore can remember when the present day teachers' room (308) on the third floor was a classroom of twenty seats where only Greek was taught. She displayed her Thespian abilities when she appeared in a Christmas play and later became secretary of the Dramatic Society. Mrs. Dukore smiled a bit when she revealed that dancing between boys and girls in the gym was strictly verboten.

Dr. Sprague, our Administrative Assistant, is another former graduate of Eastern. During his high school years, Dr. Sprague was an active member of athletic teams and a member of Arista. An interesting note is that Dr. Sprague married the Head Girl of Arista, who also was in his graduating class. Dr. Sprague attended City College, Princeton University, and New York University, and was appointed to Eastern as a Health Education teacher. In 1932 he was the teacher

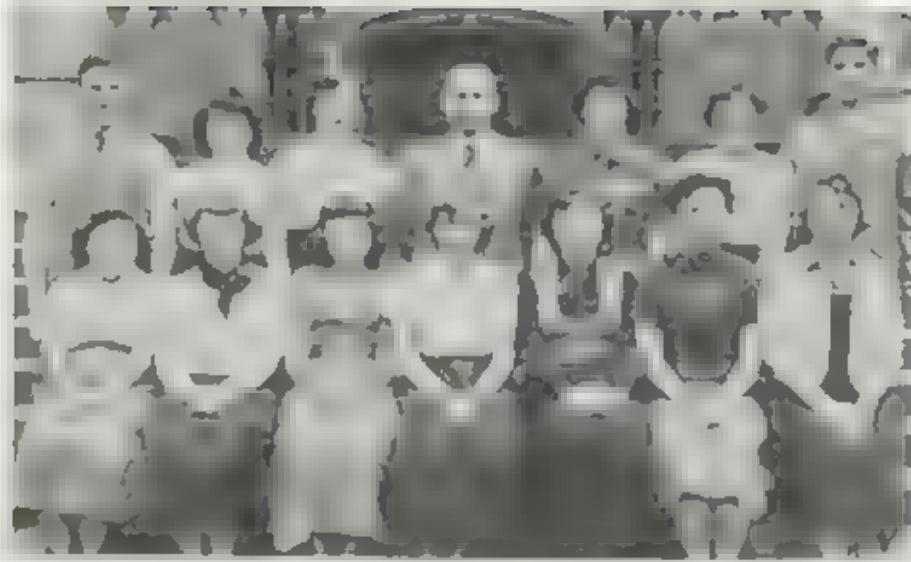
n charge of the Annex at Meeker Avenue and in 1939 became Administrative Assistant. Mrs. Harriet Smith Zucker, another Eastern graduate, is responsible for the organization of the Personality Club and Parents' Association, both of which she believed were necessary when she was a student here. Mrs. Dorothy Tabak Kaplan and Mrs. Harriet Zucker, both Eastern grads, and now teaching in our Art department, were classmates to her at Hunter College. Miss Celia Luria, a member of Eastern's staff of clerks, remembers how students earned credit by serving in the teachers' lunchroom during her high school days at Eastern. She particularly remembers waiting on Dr. Vlymen's table. Other Eastern alumni who have returned to the grey halls to teach are Mrs. Sarah Tabak Gold, faculty adviser of the *Eastern Magazine* and one-time adviser to the New Yorkers' Club, Mrs. Grace McGowan Treanor of the English department, Mr. Lawrence Feigenbaum, who was Editor-in-Chief of the *Gold and White*, Mrs. Selma Weissman Graham, Mrs. Frances Jerrow and Mr. David Dicker (President of the G.O. when a student here) of the Social Studies Department, and Mr. Joseph Ernstoff of the Science department. Selma and Paula Novograd, members of Eastern's staff of clerks, also take their places among Eastern's alumni.

In the past, the teachers of Eastern, as a body, have been among the very best, and the entire student body are proud to say that E.D. teachers are, and will always be, "tops."

PHOTO
ALBUM







LIFE WITH

Lower Seniors

By JOAN SIEGEL

It was roundup time this term for the Seventh Term Council. Its chief social event, a barn dance, went over with a bang and Easternites were taken back even more than the school's 50 years. As usual, our swing band was on hand to play for the occasion. Everyone "Skipped to My Lou," joined hands and let themselves go.

Rozzie Davis, Council Representative from class 7C, was very active in planning and selling tickets to the affair. Rozzy has been active not only in the Council but in Congress and the *Gold and White* as well. Renee Feldman, Secretary of the G.O., and also a lower senior, has been actively participating in all that Eastern has to offer. Right now the G.O. keeps her pretty busy writing minutes and messages, for she's an important part of the G.O.'s machinery. The Dramatic Club also finds an active Seventh Termer in their midst. A rising star is Adeline Feinberg, who, along with the dramatic group, is working to make the school's Golden Jubilee Celebration a sure success.

Don't think we aren't athletic in our term. Not with Harold Glatter, carrying on as a swordsman for our fencing team and Jack Rosen, baseball enthusiast, pitching them in fast and furious for E.D. We're literary, too, make no mistake about it. Have you read Sam Grossman's sports page in the *Gold and White*? Then you know that we can boast of a future journalist with real writing ability. Sam is also on the sports staff of the *Eastern*. But fellows don't have top priority in the sports department in the class of '51. For it was a girl, Shirley Mendelowitz, who crusaded for the opening of E.D. gym at night twice a week for sports for our girls. She herself loves to play basketball and baseball, and her friends will tell you that she's literally a good sport.

One thing hasn't changed since 1900 in the Seventh Term Class. Everyone is looking forward to his senior year just as "almost" seniors have been doing for 50 years. However, they realize this year the problems that they will have to face and everyone is giving thought to the financial and other matters that will concern us when we're graduates. One of the students who have been keeping the school aware of its problems via the editorial pages of the school paper is Rose Arbetter, feature editor. Her sport stories have also graced its pages.

We, the Seventh Termers, have changed a lot since 1900. The new idea in teaching is that children should be seen and heard. Many of our students have become community conscious and have joined in many neighborhood improvement campaigns. Students are also becoming alert citizens. History classes, like A.H. 1, find eager and attentive students listening, learning and questioning, and Miss Herrmann will tell you that current events are stressed, discussed and explained. Discussion is particularly encouraged and the teaching, contrary to the ideas of the 1900's, helps us to think and find out things for ourselves, not to memorize

THE UNDERGRADUATES

text books. Facts are not neglected—but we are taught the ability to get up on our feet and speak intelligently.

The seventh term class has only one more precious term left to high school. We have many of our students in the ranks of the Arista. Many of us are only now really beginning to feel at home in our school, and it's a great feeling when we walk through the halls and know almost all the students and say hello to the teachers. It's a kind of funny feeling you get when you see the Freshies coming in. All of a sudden you feel that it's all going so fast—that you're getting old—maybe it's funny to you but that's the way the class of '51 feels.

Juniors

SIXTH TERM

By JOAN GERSTEN

Let us, dear reader, devise a time machine that will take us back almost three years. The place is a big auditorium, which, no doubt, you will still recognize as there have been few improvements since then. There are hundreds of scared kids in the room for they are first entering high school, starting a new life, or so they've been told. One by one their names are called out; names that meant nothing to you then, but little by little, with the passage of time, you associate those names with certain activities about the school.

To speak scientifically, there are mainly two groups that make up our school. There are, first of all, the inert elements and, secondly, those active elements that make up a small nucleus charged with atomic energy (my thanks to all science teachers). We are concerned with the latter group. As time went on, there were more in my term who belonged to the second small group. Not only were they dependent upon themselves, but they had always an alert grade adviser, Mrs. Levine, to push them along when necessity demanded it.

Now those same scared kids have reached the sixth term and important things are going on. Those previously mentioned name associations are still here. For instance, when you say the name Elaine Eighlarsh, you connect it with a pretty and intelligent girl who, this term, is co-captain of the cheering squad. In previous terms she was extremely active in many clubs, such as the Personality Club of which she was elected president. But that's not all; this term she is planning on running for G.O. President. Well, let's go on with the game of name associations concerning sixth termers. Let's take names like Betty Redshaw, Diane Weil, or Phyllis Elias. Do they click? When you say Betty Redshaw, do you think of a short blonde who is co-business editor of the *Gold and White*, and who is one of the most well-read Easternites and an active member of many clubs? Diane Weil is the sixth termer who made all of Eastern proud of her when she won third prize in a contest for her scrapbook on world trade. The name Phyllis Elias strikes a familiar note, or should we say funny note. She is known throughout Eastern for her sense of humor and is pretty active in extra-curricular activities, being an assistant editor on the *Gold and White* and an important member of Mrs. Zucker's art squad. Did I mention art? That brings into mind names like Roslyn Shapiro, Mary Manos, Edward Ratner.



Nancy Wasserman and aspiring cartoonist Dorothy Alcosser. If you say dramatics, you think of Edna Rios rather than a big movie star. If we had a sixth term popularity poll, my guess is that Winnie Clarrie would come out on top. But one mustn't forget the boys in sixth term. There are too few of them to make that possible. There are Henry Markowitz, Harvey Bean, and Sidney Cohen on Eastern's basketball team; Abe Feuerstein is captain of the Service League, an important member of the Forum Club and an assistant editor of the *Gold and White*. Well, thus far we've mentioned the law and athletics of Eastern. How about one of our scholastically-minded boys such as Stanley Miller, who is also running for the G.O. Presidency. He was once president of a club which was organized by sixth termers. In case you haven't already guessed, I'm referring to Club 51, a club which accomplished many things, for example, a trip to the ballet, a tour of the Metropolitan Museum, and a theatre party to see the picture, *Hamlet*. Sixth termers are social-minded enough to want their own council to plan certain activities. There is definitely on the council's agenda a dance in May, and a boat ride is yet to be voted upon. The adage, "Money is the root of all evil," is no worry to sixth termers, since they have begun to save their millions now in preparation for senior expenses.

Thus we see that Eastern's sixth term does not lie dormant. It has many alert individuals who help to give Eastern the school spirit she has.

FIFTH TERM

By JEROME COOK

*The average fifth-terminer
Is happy and gay,
For his high school career
Is finished. (Half-way!)
He's very ambitious,
But his mind is fixed
On going as quickly
As possible, to sixth*

According to Webster's Dictionary, "fifth" is next in order after "fourth" (If you don't believe me, look it up yourself!). And "term" is a limited time according to the same source of information. "Limited" is a tricky word. For some Easternites, the fifth term is a wonderful place to be. It offers unlimited opportunities for entering the sixth term. For others, it's a time *limited to agony and torture*. This all depends on the character of the individual.

And speaking of characters, let's meet the ones that call the fifth term their home. Did you ever notice three fellows continually talking about planes and motors and stuff? They're part of Eastern's representatives in that fascinating hobby, model airplane flying. These arm chair aviators are Norman Fabricant, 5B, Marvin Forrest, 5A, and yours truly. After school duties are finished, these fellows can be seen

rushing down to the nearest flying field with their monstrosities under their arms. Under certain conditions, these freaks (the airplanes) can attain speeds up to 150 m.p.h.! Pretty fast, huh? So if the teachers notice that their heads are always in the clouds, they may be right!



But now let's meet some celebrities with their feet on the ground. Take Phillip Newman of 5B, for instance. There is always a close relationship between him and Mother Earth. "Fossil" Newman, as he's commonly called, is over-sentimental and loves to see Frankenstein pictures. Could that be where he gets the ideas for those stories that have long been a scourge to all those unfortunate people who are close enough to hear them? This term, Phil is running for G.O. Treasurer. Better not try to leave the state, Phil!

Another talented fifth-termer in our midst is Lillian Reich of Class 5A. Lillian, who's been studying music for seven years, gave two piano recitals at the Carnegie Chamber Hall three years ago. Miss Reich intends to continue this career and hopes to graduate from college with a Doctor of Music degree. You should hear her "treatment" of Beethoven!

So there you have them, some studious, some frivolous, the ? ? ? ? ? of tomorrow.

Sophomores

FOURTH TERM

By JUDY BRAM

Fourth Term! To some Easternites this means that there are yet two more years of misery. To others it means they have had two years of fun and that there are only two more years to go.

One fourth-termer who is really taking full advantage of his high school education is Jere Miller. Except for the unusual way that he spells his first name, he is an average sixteen-year-old boy. His voice is helping to make the newly formed Boys' Chorus a success.

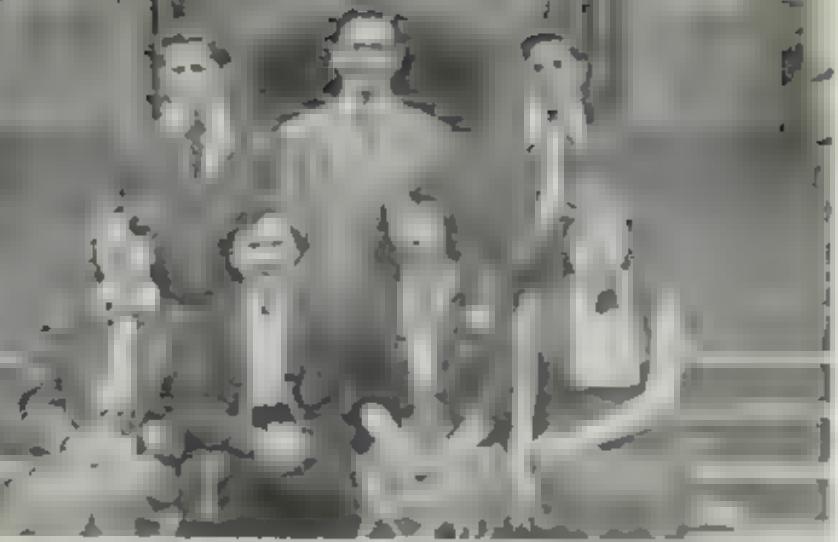
Another outstanding Easternite is Frances Brettler, who became interested in G.O. work in her second term. Her record of extra-curricular credits sounds much like a roll call of all the clubs and committees in the school.

Most of Eastern has heard of Charles Sommers. Although only in the fourth term, he was elected President Pro Tempore of Congress. His voice can be heard in school long after the dismissal bell rings. Charles Sommers is one boy of whom all fourth termers can be proud.

Working on the Art Squad is the talented fourth-termer, Charlotte Ricket. She has been Mrs. Zucker's right-hand man for the past term.

Bernard Tompkins is the manager of the track team. Without him the runners of the track team would be helpless. One of the boys whom Bernard manages is Leo Cicero, a fourth-termer, who has won many honors for E.D.'s track team.

The fourth term has its genius, also—Marilyn Stock. While working to maintain



her "96" average, she still has time to work in Dr. Moskowitz's office. Lucky is the student who has her for a tutor.

Jeanne Lloyd is a "sob sister" on the staff of the *Gold and White*. Working for the last two terms, she has had many of her articles accepted for publication.

Eleanor Blasberg is Mrs. Zucker's "Girl Friday." Though officially on the Publicity Committee, she helps the Art Squad in the actual poster work.

Alice Soliwodo is the modern Portia in Students' Court. A prosecutor for only one term, she has distinguished herself in some very difficult court cases.

Murray Tornofsky is the fencing champ of the fourth term. He began his training in the early days of his first-term. Easterites can look forward to seeing Murray become a star.

The fourth-terms have two new official teachers. Mr. Stark and Mr. Schuchat. Mr. Schuchat, a biology teacher, went to Brooklyn College and New York University. He is the faculty adviser of the Photography Club.

Mr. Stark is a graduate of Brooklyn College. Though he teaches English, he is primarily a speech teacher. He is the new director of the Dramatic Club.

There they are, Eastern, the teachers and students who make being a fourth-termer an exciting experience.

THIRD TERM

By BARRY TELL

The upper classmen just shrug their shoulders and look the other way at the mention of the third term. For that matter, so does everyone else in the school. The students in the higher grades seem to think that third-terms aren't interested and don't take part in school activity.

The truth is that we of the third term *do* participate in school activities. Third-terms are G.O. representatives, just like everyone else. They perform their duties well in the Service League. They are members of numerous clubs, and they do their share on Eastern's different team.

There are some good souls who don't stop and yell "freshie" at a poor third-termer. Unfortunately, they are few and far between.

Elliot Miller, the popular fencing coach, says that he'd like to have more lower-classmen going out for his team. Even as this is being written, there are five third-terms on Elliot's squad.

Just to name a few third-terms serving the school, there is speedy little Charles Sockwell, who helps bring home the bacon for the track team, and there are two able members of the band who are in the third term. They are Irwin Smith and Joseph Marmo.

So you see, even though we are unappreciated, we third-terms will continue to serve Eastern in the best way possible.



Freshmen



THE ANNEX

By SALLY HIRSCHBERG

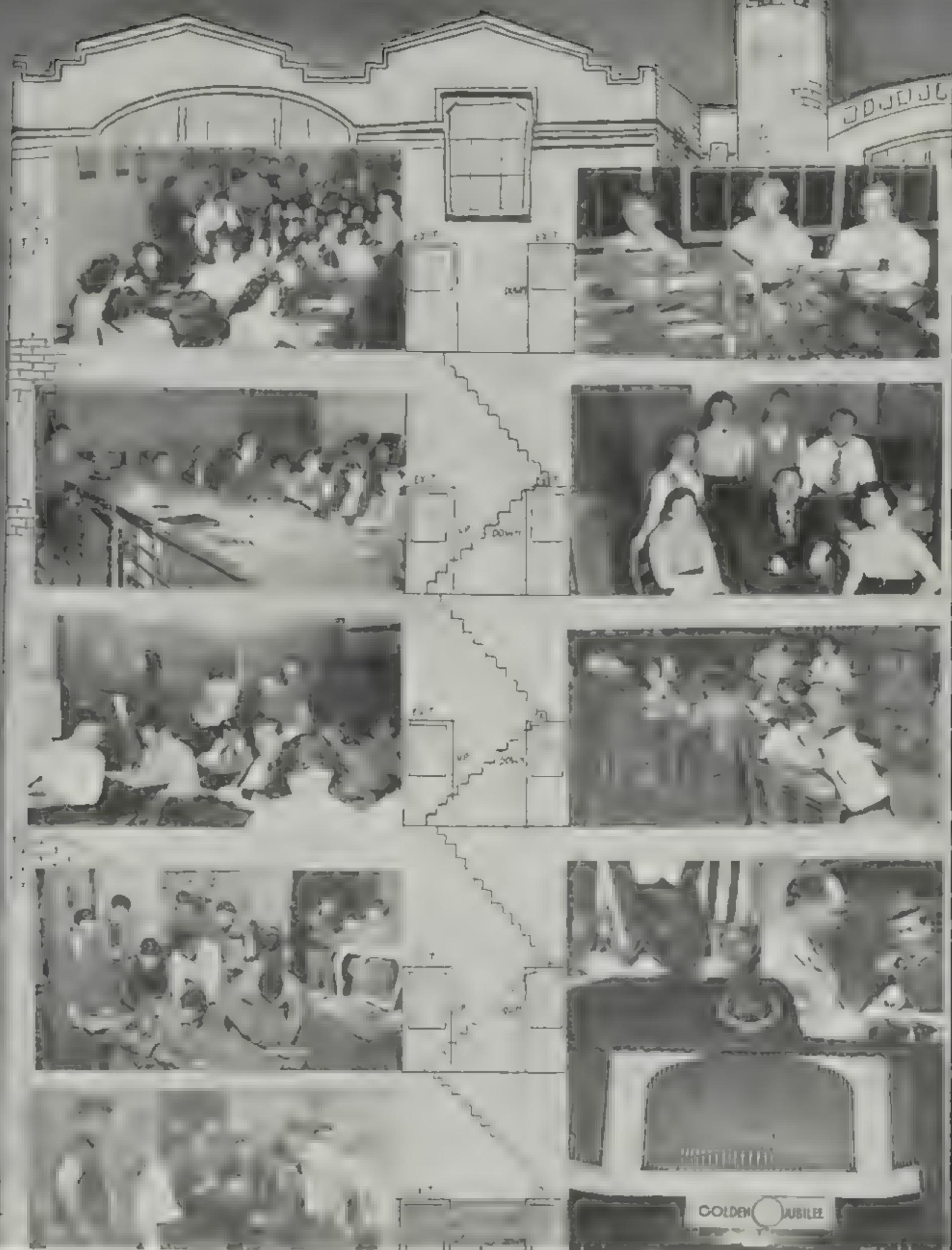
Skillman Avenue! That name doesn't ring a bell in your mind, does it? But to me and 450 others it does. That's the street where I ring the buzzer, get off the bus and walk a block to the right. There I see a large red building dating back to 1893 which up until a short time ago was an elementary school. But now the title of Eastern District Annex has been bestowed upon it.

The Annex, although just opened, is well organized and is already functioning smoothly. Some clubs are now in existence, among them the Math Club, the Newman Club and the Dancing Club. An annex newspaper has also been organized and it plans to have its first issue out shortly. A Hebrew Culture Club, Science Club and Language Club are also on the way.

However, the highlight of the term so far was the G.O. Election. Two parties, the Gold and White and the Eastern Party, put up some very worthy candidates and the competition was keen. Running on the Gold and White slate were: Ethel Levy for President, Frank Bellizi for Vice President, Annette Anzalone for Secretary, and Kenneth Gould for Treasurer. Their very worthy opponents were: Rosemarie Basile for President, Teresa Grasso for Vice President, Roberta Gillmore for Secretary, and Cornelia Johnson for Treasurer. An excellent assembly program was given at which Jules Kornblau, Joan Siegel, and Burton Markowitz were guest speakers. After the ballots were tallied, the winners proved to be Rosemarie Basile for president and, in the other three positions, the candidates of the Gold and White party. Rosemarie lost no time getting started, for the first official meeting of the Annex Congress was called. And so you see the G.O. activities are well under way.

I suppose you're wondering how we freshies like our new school. To get a picture of it in your mind, cut the main building in half, subtract a few staircases, add a dash of new desks and sprinkle well with large wardrobe rooms. The only major gripe is the size of the lunchroom and gym(?) . The gym (as it is inappropriately called) is about 60 feet long and 40 feet wide. As you can see, this doesn't give us much room, but we have a consolation. Comes warmer weather, we can go outside to the large yard. Aside from this fact, we're quite happy. The school is clean and airy, and, to make sure it stays that way, a Service League has been organized. There are at least seven monitors on post every period and they've been doing a swell job so far.

Another thing the students are quite pleased with is the teachers. We have the cream of the crop, at the Annex, and already we're just dripping with knowledge. In short, we like the Annex.



"The Days We Spend at Eastern



'neath the Gold and 'neath the White"

Morality Room Games



The Turning of the Tide

By MICHAEL E. REITZENBERG, '11

"I shall refuse him," said Carolyn softly, to her mother.

"What a foolish idea!" was the response.

"I'm not aiming to please society," Carolyn added.

"Why not?" questioned Mrs. Ried. "Society knows what it wants, dear. They are quite able to judge."

Carolyn interrupted with a mocking laugh.

"Richard Stonewell," continued Mrs. Ried, "would make a most acceptable husband. He's quite successful in his business ventures. You see, together, you will be in excellent circumstances."

"And without each other we'll not starve," retaliated Carolyn.

Often had Carolyn said *no* and very often had she changed her mind. Today however, she seemed especially firm. Her determined attitude did not show any signs of surrender.

Mrs. Ried watched eagerly for a sign of submission from Carolyn. She had reasons for remaining silent at this stage of the conversation with her daughter. She expected Mr. Stonewell to call that evening. Carolyn knew nothing about it.

Carolyn broke the serene silence of the moment before, with a cool premeditated laugh.

"I have no idea or plan of becoming Mrs. Stonewell, and that settles it."

"Why not?"

Mrs. Ried was ever ready to fall back a step and begin the attack all over again.

How long could Carolyn keep up her patience and fortitude? That was the question. Wandering tears signified partial surrender. Presently, thought Mrs. Ried, Carolyn would break down and the rest would be easy.

The girl spoke clearly and deliberately. Her voice showed no signs of weakening.

"I'll tell you why not, mother. I want my own way in the matter and, what's more, I expect to have it—with your kind blessing." The girl spoke derisively. Mrs. Ried's cheeks flushed.

"Father was attracted rather suddenly by Richard," Carolyn went on. "Why? Because he has lots of money. Of course, father and he talk business. Then the

three of you talk society. Finally you engage in a spirited discussion of matrimony during the course of which I am talked about. Where am I all this time? I'm bargained for, considered and marketed without my knowledge and my will. I'll not stand for it. Of late, he has been quite certain of my accepting him. Why is that? Because he has received parental blessing in advance. A cut and dried proposal to be sure."

The girl laughed coolly.

Mrs. Ried was indeed baffled. She had expected Carolyn to break down. Now, her new line of talk seemed to make her more determined than before. She knew that it was time to retreat or she would be overwhelmed. Mrs. Ried embraced her daughter and kissed her. Then she stepped out of the room and left Carolyn to herself.

The girl listened carefully for the sound of retreating footsteps and then locked the door carefully. Carolyn took Richard's picture from its resting place on the mantelpiece and strode over to the window.

There she sat in the shadow of the afternoon sun, eyeing the picture of Richard.

"I'm going to tear you up and out of my life, Richard," she winced. "There you go into the waste basket."

Out on the city street, a few persons strolled about, enjoying the warm sunshine.

Carolyn looked out of the window.

"I think I'll go out for a walk. Staying in here all day gives way to many unpleasant recollections."

Carolyn started for the stairway. Her father's voice caused her to halt with surprise and curiosity.

Why was her father home at this early hour? What could have happened? She leaned over the bannister and listened anxiously.

"Richard cannot have my daughter. By no means, no! He has lost a lot, how much is not yet known." Mr. Ried spoke in a melancholy tone.

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Ried.

"The news comes direct from the Exchange. All the bulls and kingpins of the market are wondering at his actions. For a week he has been selling at a loss. Now he throws his entire holdings upon the market, and out falls the bottom of wheat."

"But Richard isn't ruined?"

"He lost about a hundred thousand dollars. He may have something left. That isn't his last asset. He lost his nerve, and nerve is everything in Wall Street. No, no, my dear, my daughter must not be entrusted to him."

"Certainly not," affirmed Mrs. Ried.

"Was Richard Stonewell to call this evening?" inquired Mrs. Ried. "He said he would."

"Well, most probably he won't. He may call for advice, and I don't care to see him. We'll go out somewhere. How about Carolyn?"

"She is not aware of his intention. I'll see to her," said Mrs. Ried, reassuringly.

"That's good. It will be easy then," Mr. Ried insinuated.

"Surely, Carolyn is a loving and dutiful girl," answered Mrs. Reid, confidently.

As the last words of her mother died out, Carolyn, pale and trembling, returned to her room. She fell limply upon the pillowed divan, buried her face in her warm, pulsive hands and pondered over the conversation which had just ensued.

So Richard has lost in the market. He was accused of idiotic finance by the bears of the Street.

What safety would there be in entrusting herself to a man like that—a weakling, without nerve or ordinary sense. Surely, she thought, her objection to Mr. Stonewell were justified by his late disastrous escapade in "high finance."

"Carolyn," called her mother, as she opened the door half way, "we have fixed up a little supper party at Perry Hall this evening. Will you come?"

"I think not, mother. I feel rather indisposed."

"Well, then, take some stimulant and retire early," her mother replied. "By the way, we have decided to let you have your own way in the matter. I mean about Mr. Stonewell."

Carolyn nodded her head.

"It is not necessary that you should see him if he calls," Mrs. Ried suggested.

With an affectionate adieu, Mrs. Ried left the chamber.

The departure of her mother seemed to thrust Carolyn into another mood of meditation.

Donald surely had *something* left. He had not made any illegitimate transaction. He had simply been reckless. Suppose he started over again and the wheel of fortune turned *his way*, then he would be lauded as heartily as he was now criticized.

Carolyn was startled by the entrance of the solemn butler who announced the presence of Mr. Richard Stonewell. She bade the butler conduct Mr. Stonewell to the drawing room and to state that she would be down presently.

Carolyn perfected her boudoir and then proceeded downstairs to *entertain* Richard.

There was Richard, his appearance betraying hasty and careless dress.

Stonewell, haggard and pale, clutched the girl's hand and sighed deeply as the butler stepped out of the room.

"Carolyn," murmured Richard, "I'm glad we're alone. Now I can speak up like a man and act like one, too. I've gone and been engaged to your parents. All this while, you were not consulted. I'm not asking another chance, nor do I deserve one. A fool there was, and I was *the fool*. First thing I knew, I was calling quite often at your home. Your father took a liking to me. We talked of everything from current politics to the family history and illustrious ancestors. Then we touched upon matrimony, and, when I took occasion to speak about you, your mother wasn't so sure about it and your father scratched his head in hesitation. They came around all right after that. But your mother assured me that dear Carolyn must be questioned beforehand and that I must be guided by her.

"I felt mean and mad. You were being treated unfairly, so was I. I had no chance to fight the battle and now the battle's lost.

"I wouldn't have called and bothered you tonight only I wanted to say goodby to all of you. I intend to settle up in a few days and then I'm going to—somewhere."

"Are you going away?" she whispered, and drew her chair up nearer to him.
"Yes, impossible to remain in the city here."

"You *must* go?" she questioned again.

"Confound it! Yes."

"Richard, I know of your trouble," spoke Carolyn as she looked into his large brown eyes. "I overheard father talking about your loss in the market. You must

stay, Richard. All you need to start again you can have. I've misjudged you terribly and I'm sorry for it. I—I want to help you and I want you to stay here—with me.

Her voice trembled.

Richard Stonewell could hardly believe his senses. Had Carolyn surrendered the ship to him? Truly it was *the turning of the tide*. If he wished to make his prize secure, he must grasp the opportunity now before him.

"I couldn't think of taking your money without taking you, Carolyn."

"Then I'll go with it," she cried passionately. "I thought I hated you, but I don't—I do love you, Richard!"

"But I have quite a snug sum left and most likely I won't have to touch your money."

"Never mind that now. Why are you shaking so? Tell me."

"All right. Here goes.

"I wanted to break a corner in Chicago wheat. Wheat boomed up and I instructed my brokers to sell short in New York, as I needed the cash.

"Wheat in New York kept on climbing. Then it fell and fell badly. Something was needed to prop the market. My brokers threw all my shares on the market and down fell wheat still further. In Chicago, we bought all we could lay hands on at a ridiculously low quotation.

"We lost approximately a hundred thousand in New York, and made about three hundred thousand in Chicago, meaning that we are two hundred thousand ahead on the day's play."

Richard laughed joyfully.

"I don't see where I'm of any use," sweetly suggested Carolyn.

"You don't, eh? Well, you can help me live on that sum I made in Chicago. It will take some years, to be sure, but we can do it all the same."

MY HEART IS WINGING AWAY

*The bridge arches away over the turbulent waters
Cutting a sharp outline against the sky:
The sun beats a dazzling, golden pathway
Across the ripples; the birds and I
Keep watch.
The boats dance merrily over the foam
And the sea-gulls swoop down to dip
Into the deep; I stand on the wharf
Shading my eyes from the glare,
And keep watch.
The sun sinks down beyond the hazy sky-line
And recedes, in a glory of brilliant colors;
The day is done; you have not come;
My heart is winging away with the birds,
But still, I keep watch.*

—Julia Braunberg, 1931

*He took some old hay
And some rags he found
And carefully covered
The rose around.
But I set it free
For the wind to kiss.
And, dying, the rose knew
The keen frost-bliss.*

—Ralph Fagin, 1925

Miss Gillman and the Mammoth

By ESTHER MEYERSON, '32

Miss Gillman walked along the second floor of the Mammoth Department Store, where she was an "honored and valued employee" (odd, how distasteful those words had become to her!) and sent a disapproving icy glance at the pretty salesgirl who was flirting with the young clerk. She resented, somehow, the girl's youth and vitality. Once, she had been like that—young, and gay and lively. She wondered, a little dully, where life had gone. Forty years, and twenty of them belonged to the Mammoth Store. The years were beginning to frighten her a little—just a little. Miss Gillman could not have told you she was unhappy, but she was. Not extremely unhappy; no, indeed. Miss Gillman never went to extremes. There was just a vague idea that something was missing. The feeling irritated her, annoyed her. She turned on her heel and walked away impatiently.

That night Miss Gillman met Amy. Amy stopped Miss Gillman on the street and quietly asked for something to eat. Asked—not begged. The tall figure in the shabby sport coat fascinated Miss Gillman. Not that there was anything pretty about Amy, but the high cheek-bones, crooked smile and large fathomless eyes in the small pointed face were not unlovely. For the first time in her life Miss Gillman followed an impulse. Perhaps it was the first time in her life that she had ever felt impulsive. She asked Amy to go home with her. And in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone Amy agreed. On the way the girl ventured nothing about herself except that her name was Amy. Miss Gillman asked her nothing. She didn't care, somehow, to know.

In the quiet apartment the two women sat down to dinner. Amy, Miss Gillman noticed, moved with a sort of feline grace. They talked of nothing in particular. Half the time Miss Gillman listened to Amy's rich, throaty voice with the odd, foreign trace about it, without really knowing what she was saying. At times, she asked herself in a dim, frightened way, if this could be Miss Gillman, forelady of the Mammoth Department Store, a respectable and staid spinster, who had taken an unknown girl into her home and was sitting there eating dinner with her. But as she listened to the soft voice and watched the girl move about, those moments of surprise passed. After all, what did it matter? She did not pity Amy. There was an odd sort of pride, a rather stolid indifference about her that repelled sympathy and pity. As a matter of fact, Miss Gillman was not quite sure if she liked Amy. No, she was not at all sure. Still—that odd magnetism! The girl arose to go. Miss Gillman remonstrated, at first faintly and then insistently. And all the time she found herself wondering why, why? The girl turned to her. "No," she said slowly. "thank you. I would still be here, as you are flirting. I must live. I am not afraid of life. I love it. Good-bye. Thank you again." The door closed behind her, and her youth and spirit faded from the room.

Miss Gillman rose suddenly and went to the mirror. No, no, she wasn't old. Of course not. The kindly, shaded light in the room hid the lines in her face. She looked at the image in the mirror and began to laugh, a little hysterically. She knew now what she wanted. Life! Everywhere around her was life, and she had been blind . . . so blind. She had money. She would go to Paris, London, Vienna, every-

where! She would wear beautiful clothes. She would meet interesting, different people. She would live! She wouldn't stifle—stifle was what the girl had said—she would start again. All those years in the Mammoth! The awfulness of it! "An honored and valued employee!" She never wanted to hear those words again! She was going to be loved, admired, feted. Tomorrow she would resign. Castles began to rise in her mind. Rosy, colorful castles alive with romance.

Miss Gillman was wakened by the shrill voice of her alarm clock. Outside, the rain poured down in dismal gray sheets. She tried to smile as she thought of the coming trips. She felt that the smile was a little forced. Finally, with an odd feeling of dread, she turned to the mirror. In the cruel morning light she saw a tired, drab old woman in a severe black dress with lace cuffs—her uniform. Nothing soft, nothing lovable about her. She turned away. How foolish! Only last night she had been young, stately, even beautiful. She had been gay and vibrant with life. And now—she turned her thoughts into another channel. Today she would resign. How surprised they would be! She hurried through the few streets leading to the Mammoth Store. The rain sent a chill through her bones. What was it that Doctor Neil had said about her rheumatism? She shook the thought away impatiently. She repeated over and over again the speech she had prepared tendering her resignation. She was a little frightened. As she entered the great building, she knew suddenly that she would never leave. She was a coward! She was afraid! The great walls of the building seemed to be closing around her, holding her like a steel vise, gripping her. She couldn't go!

For a moment she faltered. Then outwardly calm, she went up to her domain, the second floor. On the way, the manager stopped her. "Miss Gillman, may I introduce you to Mr. Brown, the new assistant manager?"

"How do you do?"

And then: "Miss Gillman is one of our most honored and valued employees. Mr. Brown."

The honored and valued employee walked quietly up to the second floor.

"God," she prayed, "please don't let me scream. Please."

LOVE SONG

*My dearest one, I have no songs for thee.
Though love alone can keep thee at my side,
The earth itself is far too deep and wide—
I can't compete with sun and wind and sea.
Today I fill thy heart with ecstasy:
You do not miss the song I am denied,
But can I keep thee ever satisfied,
Without an ardent burning rhapsody?
Beloved, seek the music gay and light,
Oh, drink deep of the sparkling sweet red wine,
For I would have thee laugh and fully live,
Before you turn to me some weary night.
And want the soothing stillness that is mine.
Then take the quiet love that I can give,*

—Sylvia Gloria Gurick, 1935

COMPENSATION

*Let the world pass on in laughter
And let me live my dole of woe alone;
Let the gay and happy myriads pass, till after
I have finished and no more make moan.
Then will I thrust me in its rapid path,
Be borne along with new-begotten speed:
I will make merry once again, and laugh
And willingly forget all pain and need.
For nature still prepares her cooling balsam
To banish fretting fever from sad heart;
Her touch so light and gentle, on my bosom
Will dull the aching anguish, and relieve the smart.*

—Millicent Aks, 1925

TO A RED ROSE

*Just as a young rose,
Palest in the bud,
Attesteth the pain of beauty
With its o'er heart's blood
And dyes its opening petals
With the crimson flood
Swooning softly into death even as it blossoms.
So I would that I had
Something worth the giving
(That something far beyond the reach of trying.)
Then should my soul be glad
To know that it were living
As certainly, at least, as it was dying.*

—Sophie Kimels, 1926

VERONICA

Veronica.

*Once I looked at the sky—
There lived no other thought
When I felt a keen delight
In being intimate with the moon.
Since I've doubted there is love,
The moon just seems
Like a yellow dab
Splotched on blue
That fades
With every shower.
But I shall look again
At the sky, and maybe
That unblended blur
Around the moon
Will seem
Like a halo,*

Veronica.

—Ruth Bobin, 1930

WHITE STALLION

*The thunder-beat of unshod hooves
Guts sudden grooves
Of sound
Into the ground.
Wide-eyed, with speed unchecked,
Foam-slecked,
Flying mane caught in the wind,
Fear-javelined,
Through the waving pampas grass
The pounding legs pass
In a wild rataplan—
Afraid of man.*

—Philip Lerner, 1938

CURRENT LITERATURE

I'll Never Know

By CHARLES GREENE

As I sit in the comfort of this room with the logs crackling and the sparks flying up the chimney, I think of the incidents that happened about thirty years ago which changed my life entirely and because of which I shall never sleep nights again...

It was a bright sunny morning, filled with the smell of pine cones crackling on a fire, the odor of fresh-hewn logs and the clean, country fresh air that one smells in the typical Maine small town. This was the town that I had been born in and, after fifteen years of absence, had come back to. It was in spring, I remember, the season that brings joy to the heart of every young boy from fifteen to fifty and the farmers were arriving in town with their annual gossip and produce. The thing that made me most curious, however, were statements such as, "There goes the Hasset boy," and, "Oh, oh, there's trouble a-brewin' tonight." I wondered why the people looked at me so clearly and also so very queerly. I am a normal human being, you know, and so I wondered. I decided to do some-



thing about it and so I went to the local historian, Zebediah Crownhill. (He is or was the local gossip.)

"Hasset," he said, "I remember that name, but I can't seem to place it. Wait a minute! Oh, yes, now I know. Well, the Hasset boy, come back at last. Now son, take it easy, sit down and tell me about yourself."

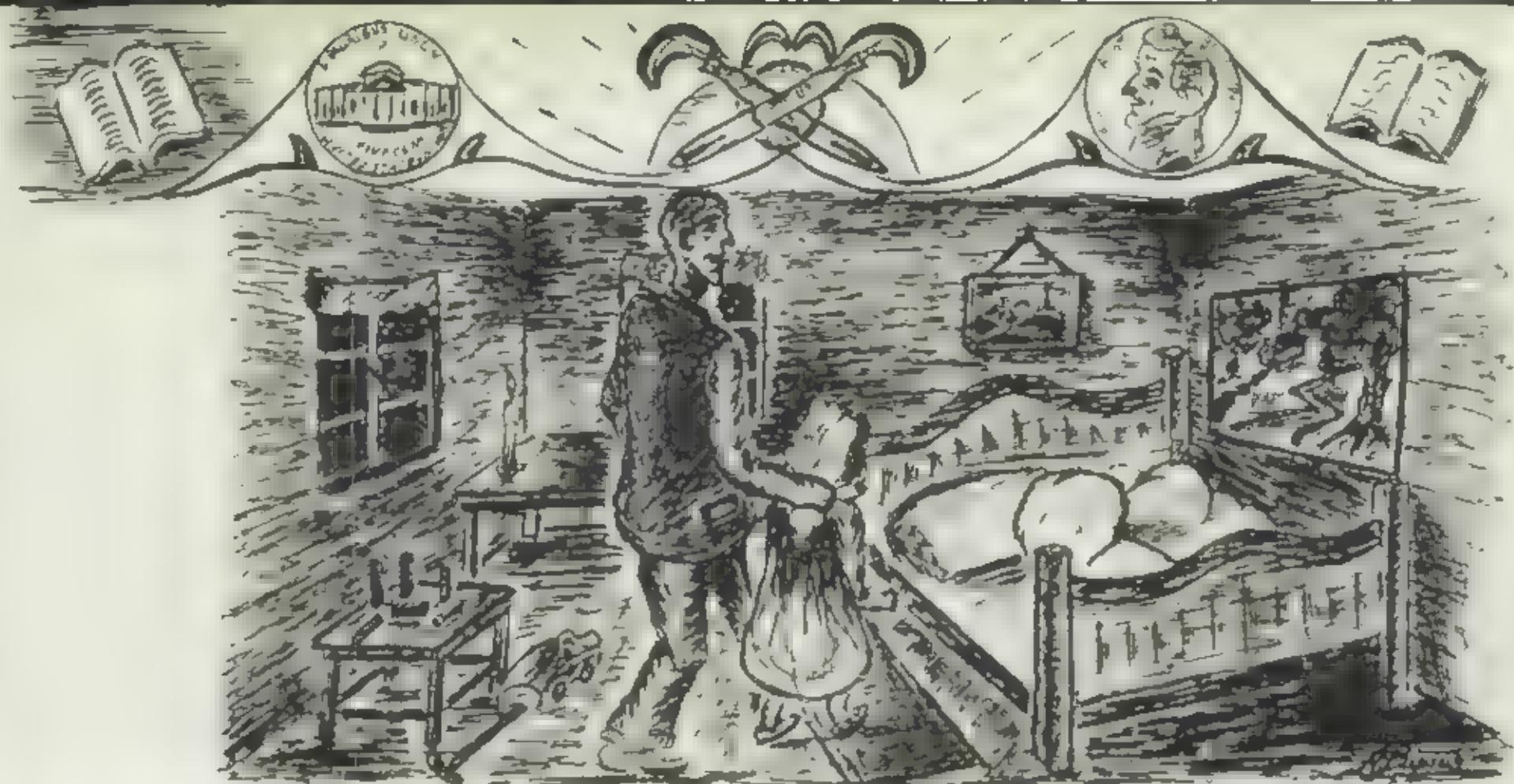
I didn't feel in the mood to talk, especially since I wanted old Zeb to do the talking and tell me the cause of the stares that brought imaginary, or real, chills (I don't know which) down my spine so that I felt as if a winter ice cube had been dropped down my back by a prankish youngster.

"Well," he finally began, "I guess that ye must be wantin' to know why folks are talkin' about yeh. I'll tell you, son, but don't hold it agin me if the facts aren't to your likin'! That can't be helped, son. That jest can't be helped." And with that he began to tell me a story that made me feel as if I had just received a ducking in the icy Squawdrink River.

"You're OK to come to me this way, son," he began, "and so I'll tell yeh about Bill Hasset the first. He was your grandpappy," he said as he sat pullin' on the old Cherryroot pipe that dad had given to him, "and he acted a mite queer, though no livin' creature paid any mind to him. At first he was the gentlest soul even if ye compare the folks all the way up to Portland. Later, though," he hesitated, "later he wasn't so gentle and that's why folks look at you so queer, you know, namesake and all. Why, you're the spittin' image of old Bill. Bill and Mary Holbrook were about to be married when Mary up and took sick and died. Now Bill, he was as sensible as any, I guess, but he up and went plumb crazy. Everybody thought that after the grievin' period was over, why, Bill would find himself another gal and marry her. He did but 'twaren't happiness for long. No sir. Bill, he never did get over it. He acted like he was happy when he was with your grandmammy but when I saw him up to the Post Office, why, he was a sittin' and mopin' all the time jest like a newborn lamb. Yep, I saw signs of trouble at the beginnin'. When your grandmammy died, why Bill was so het up about his double loss, he jest went along with the funeral, but they had to drag him away from what's its name, oh yeah, the Sepulcher. A kind of tomb I guess. Waal, he was never quite right in the head, you know, after that. Fact is, folks thought he should be committed to that there asylum up to Portland or thereabouts. Fact is, I thought so too, but I never said so because, well, in the old days, Bill, he was a friend of mine. I couldn't bear to see him a locked up in that there place, a man who was always used to the outdoors. No, sir. Waal, your folks had moved away, but when they heard of the old coot's trouble, why they upped and moved back again. Mainers stick together, you know. Waal, soon after the old buzzard died, but then your pop, who everybody thought was 'right' well — son, it's was never told to ye; ye were away at school and, waal, he went plumb crazy also. Ye never saw him again, I remember. They told ye he died. He didn't die here. He died in the loony bin." I thanked him very much and gave him the next to the last ten dollar bill I had in my pocket to buy a Christmas present with.

Later, as I approached the group of loungers at the General Store, one of the coots said to me, "I see that ye have been a visitin' up to Old Zeb's. Tch, tch. The old coot's battier than a belfry."

As I walked out of the store I wondered. I am still wondering. . . .



Uncle Jake

BY DORIS LERNSTEIN

My Uncle Jake was a little man. Every Friday night he would come to our house to spend a few hours with us. It was a very special occasion for I was his pet and he was my king.

After dinner we would all go into the parlor and I would give Uncle Jake a book to read to me. He would take me on his lap, smooth my dress, take his glasses out of his right jacket pocket, put them on, and begin to read to me.

Usually I would lean back and close my eyes, but one time I remember staring at my Uncle's old face. His grey hair was streaked with brown and his blue eyes were so tired, that they looked almost colorless. There were lines around his mouth and on his forehead. Uncle Jake used to tell me that if I ever got around to counting all the lines on his face I would be able to find out how old he really was.

He would tell me wonderful stories, stories about good people, paintings, life, love, everything. Sometimes he told me "his" stories and whether I realized it or not, I always loved them.

After he finished reading, he would put me to bed and the next morning I always found a nickel under my pillow.

I saved this money for a long time so I could buy a fountain pen and write the wonderful stories that my Uncle Jake read to me.

The months passed, and one Friday evening everything was changed. Uncle Jake didn't come to my house. My mama told me that he was in the hospital, very ill. Saturday morning, I took my money and bought a book for Uncle Jake. My mommy and I went to the hospital. Somehow, even then, I felt that my Uncle was very happy. He read me a story, kissed me and gave me a nickel, for he had missed one Friday.

On our way home, my mother tried to tell me that Uncle Jake was dying. It wasn't necessary, for, when I saw the age lines in his face fading away, I knew.

After he died, many people said very nice things about him but no one knew the little, tired, stooped old man who wove beautiful, endless tales.

My Uncle gave me a world no one else can see, a kind world where everything is good. He gave me his stories, the urge to learn and to read.



Goodbye, Childhood

By GEORGE KEAN

I guess it is not necessary to describe how one feels, when one is scolded by his teachers and parents for not having done the required school work. Yet why should a young boy of nine years spend his time doing homework when he can amuse himself by playing in the streets during those nice, sunny afternoons of May? Why should I make daily countless additions, subtractions, multiplications and divisions? I know anyway that the next day the teacher would be ready to give us a new supply of those annoying exercises. So day in, day out, should I really become a slave to those dusty books? Therefore, I decided to stop at once, to build a wall between myself and my school, and to enjoy myself instead of doing homework.

The result of this plan was that my father was called to school, and was informed of my misbehavior. My father was terribly angry that evening. He promised me several punishments, if I did not change. He told me that I should be ashamed of being so lazy and so childish.

In order to escape further scolding, I retired to my bedroom, and promised myself not to change. While falling asleep, I swore to remain childish and lazy till the end of my life.

I do not know how long I slept that night. Yet, when I woke up, it was not yet entirely day. I heard a heavy thunder. In the next room I heard my parents and other people talking. People were running all through the house and street. One clap of thunder followed the other and yet it was not raining. I sprang out of bed, and ran to the window. The spectacle I saw in the street is difficult to put into words. It was the most terrible confusion I had ever seen. People were leaving their houses.

Every one ran into the streets. All those peace-loving people were chased out of their sleep, and were now in such confusion, that one could not hold them responsible for their deeds. Here a woman was running, using a frying pan as a helmet in order to protect herself against the shells. There another old lady ran, carrying a heavy dresser, which was at least twice the weight and size of the lady herself. The confusion became still worse when suddenly a group of "Stukkas" (Sturz-Kampfflugzeuge) came out of the sky throwing themselves upon their targets. They emptied their deadly freight, and the next moment they had disappeared. All that remained was a street of burning houses, screaming people, and

smoke, smoke, smoke. Hell was on earth, burning people were running through the streets. People who had been prosperous and respected the day before, now were running, dressed in burning rags.

We had hardly recovered from our first shock, when a squadron of "Messer-schmidts" arrived. Those airplanes and their crews were especially trained to fight civilians. Down they came and the next moment the bullets whistled through the streets. Taktaktak! As if struck by an unseen, powerful fist, the unhappy people sank down into the blood-streaming street.

I could stand it no more, and turned away from the window. The first who was able to talk after this horrible scene was my father. He asked my mother to make hot coffee; meanwhile he tried to call up the station to order tickets for the next train to France. Both were unsuccessful; the wires of telephone lines were all destroyed, and so was the g°s line. Soon we found out that the water pipes, as well as the electrical wires, were out of order.

The Germans, in their typical exactness, proved themselves experienced in attacking and destroying a peace-loving civilization. Everything had been prepared and exactly calculated long before. Like actors who had rehearsed their piece several times before, the German "Luftwaffe" did a perfect job. First they destroyed the water reservoir, then all means of communication. Once those preparations were made, the German heroes threw themselves upon the civilians. Thus it happened that the fire brigade could help only the people leaving the houses, but could not extinguish the flames.

From these facts, the reader may judge whether one should trust the Germans again and whether one should believe their lies. Two weeks before this terrible attack, the Germans had promised that they would not repeat the aggressions of 1914 in case of war in the west. Then, without declaring war, on May 10, 1940, Germany attacked Belgium.



From our house to the station it rarely took more than twenty minutes. Yet this day it seemed to me as if it took hours to reach the station. Countless times the German airplanes came down out of the sky and countless times we had to throw ourselves on the ground. Finally we came to the station. The entire population of Antwerp was there. People were fighting their way into the station; a terrible panic reigned everywhere. Soon we realized that it was hopeless to stay there; there was more chance to be shot by the airplanes. We returned home.

In the afternoon my father was arrested because he was a German citizen. My mother asked also to be arrested, but the officer answered that he had orders to arrest only my father.



We accompanied my father to prison. No explanations nor reasoning could help. We explained we were Jewish and therefore anti-German, but we were unsuccessful. My father was German, the Germans had attacked Belgium, therefore he had to be arrested. Oh, how terrible I felt that day, in the middle of a burning city, with my father behind prison bars! While we were standing there in the prison, one German Jew after the other was brought into jail. Some of our friends shared the prison with my father. If I think all this over, I can only come to the conclusion that all the authorities were crazy. Here was a prison full of German Jews, who had fled Germany because of their fear of Nazism, and now they were blamed for the attack. Suddenly an officer came in and ordered all women and children to leave. It was a hard goodbye because no one knew whether we would ever meet again.

We went home. I was terribly tired and went to bed. Oh, how I changed that day! Was it really yesterday that I had been so angry with my poor dear father? Oh, if he would only be back now. I would promise to do everything he wanted me to do. Thus, while outside the guns sounded, I fell asleep.

May eleventh and twelfth passed without any special incidents. The Germans were bombing during those entire days; yet we were already immune to those attacks. We sat quietly upon our boxes, and waited in front of the station for a train which might never arrive.

Monday the bombing became still worse; yet the train did not arrive. Monday afternoon the station was blown up, and our last hope was gone. Thus evening we went, for the first time, to sleep in a shelter. The shelter was as full as a sardine can. Outside the shooting and bombing went on monotonously. During the night a woman became crazy. I shall never forget her standing in the middle of the shelter, tall, with her hair loose, hanging over her shoulders, and in one hand a candle. The words which came out of her mouth were real prophecy. She exclaimed, "How can you sleep, when those devilish Germans are kindling a fire which will burn throughout the entire world? They are destroying our homes, and butchering our children, and massacring us all. Let us all die! Die! How sweet it is to die, and be freed from this hellish life!"

The night we passed there in the shelter was the most terrible I had ever experienced. In the morning we seemed to be buried alive. The doors were heavily blocked with debris. Strong men had to work till late in the afternoon before we were able to see the light again.

We learned that a new station had been opened the previous day not far from town. We hurried to this wooden blockhouse which had been made into the new station, and arrived there late at night.

This time we had luck, and got a place in a train. The train was to leave the next afternoon. As the time went on, the train filled till there seemed to be not an inch of space unoccupied. Meanwhile younger people swarmed over the roof of the train.

On the other side of the track stood a train reserved for the army. One after the other of those unfortunate young men arrived. Most of them would have to face death very soon. The scenes which I witnessed there were heartbreaking. Here an old mother accompanied her son to the train, bidding him to take good care. . . . There an old gentleman came with his three sons. He made a cross for each, and then in a clear voice said, "I have done my paternal duty. I have brought you up, and sometimes I was harsh. God only knows whether I shall see you ever again. Therefore, sons, know that I forgive you for everything!" Thus speaking, he turned around and, without saying anything more, slowly walked out. I had not recovered from these scenes, when a little boy of about seven came with his father. The little boy kept asking his father to write him as soon as he arrived. It was terrible to see how this father kissed his son and asked him to take good care of the sick mother. Then the poor man could no longer control himself. Tears were running down his cheeks: he jumped into the train without taking any more notice of his son. I could no longer look upon those scenes. I buried my face in the bundles.

A few hours later the train left. The villages and towns we passed looked all



like. The houses were burned out, corpses were lying in the streets, and the few remaining inhabitants made themselves ready to flee. We traveled during the entire day, without facing any deadly attacks, but the German air force seemed to be everywhere and anywhere.

The military train had left with us together, and was now riding parallel with our train. We thought that we had escaped our misery, when suddenly our two trains were attacked by German airplanes. The bombardment lasted till late in the night. There were no air planes nor anti-aircraft anywhere in the territory we just passed. Thus we were the merciless prey of Hitler's Luftwaffe. Late at night the Germans had accomplished their work. The army train was like a burning snake. The men inside were screaming and crying like wild animals. Few of them were able to jump through the windows. The uniforms and bodies of those men were like burning torches. We helped them as well as we could. Most of the wounded were loaded on our train, and the rest remained there, to die.

I was thinking whether the father of that little boy, or the three sons of the old gentleman were alive, or dead. I felt terribly sorry for them all.

Early in the morning the train left. It was terrible with all those wounded and exhausted persons. Many looked as if they had become crazy during the night. Finally we arrived at Ghent. The train had not yet entered the station, when we were told that it was required for army transportation. We had to change over to another train. This train came directly from the depot, where it had been stored since 1910. One can imagine how the speed of this train worked upon our nerves. Each minute, each bone of our body was shocked at least sixty times. Finally, late at night we arrived at Ypres.

We were so tired that we left the train and, like all the other people, lay down in the middle of the street and slept.

A man sleeps well and long only when he is really tired. He does not even care where or on what he lies, as long as he can stretch his bones and lie there like a dead man.

When we awoke the next day, we were arrested for being German citizens. We would have been condemned to death for being spies, had not a terrible bombardment blown up half the town, while we were on trial. I shudder when I think how those military trials sentenced and executed innocent people, just because they were talking a foreign language.

We bought an old baby carriage somewhere, upon which we loaded our bundles, and we left Ypres. We thought we would go faster by foot than by train.

For ten days we ran along the ditches of the road. On the road the trucks were racing to the front line. The sun was burning mercilessly on our bodies and from time to time the Germans bombarded us. As time went on, dead bodies became a familiar sight. We had a double enemy to face, not only the Germans, but also the French "Garde Mobile" who executed wherever they could find German citizens. Twice we were arrested and condemned, but escaped miraculously.

Finally we reached the French border. General Ironside's "Tommies" were defending the place. We attached ourselves to the English army, and so were protected from the savagery of the "Garde Mobile." We were retreating with the British forces to Dunkirk. We became better acquainted with the English soldiers. Therefore, we felt doubly sorry when we saw from day to day how those poor devils became fewer and fewer.

One old officer who took care of us tried once, while a heavy bombardment took place, to cheer us up by talking German to us. He said something like this, "Das sollte Sie doch nicht aufregen; Sie wissen doch wir haben ein bisschen Krieg mit Hitler!" ("Why are you worried? You should know that we have a little bit of war with Hitler!")

We reached Dunkirk, and the English bade us come with them to England. Yet we feared we would be torpedoed by the German submarines. We wished them farewell, and remained there in the hell of hells.

The Germans were attacking by this time from the North, the East and South. The heavy guns were thundering day and night. Their "Luftwaffe" did not disappear even for an hour. The remaining English and French army forces defended themselves like lions. We had been lying in a shelter for an eternity, when finally the Germans entered town.

We had fled from nazism and injustice; yet those evil powers were faster than we. I do not know the day, because we had long lost any account of time, when we were recaptured by those stiff gray monkeys. Thank heavens that they were too busy with their war against England, which they thought would be over in four weeks. Thus we started on our way back, all hope gone, all lost. We were tired and desperate and the kilometers passed very slowly. We also could not use the trains or cars.

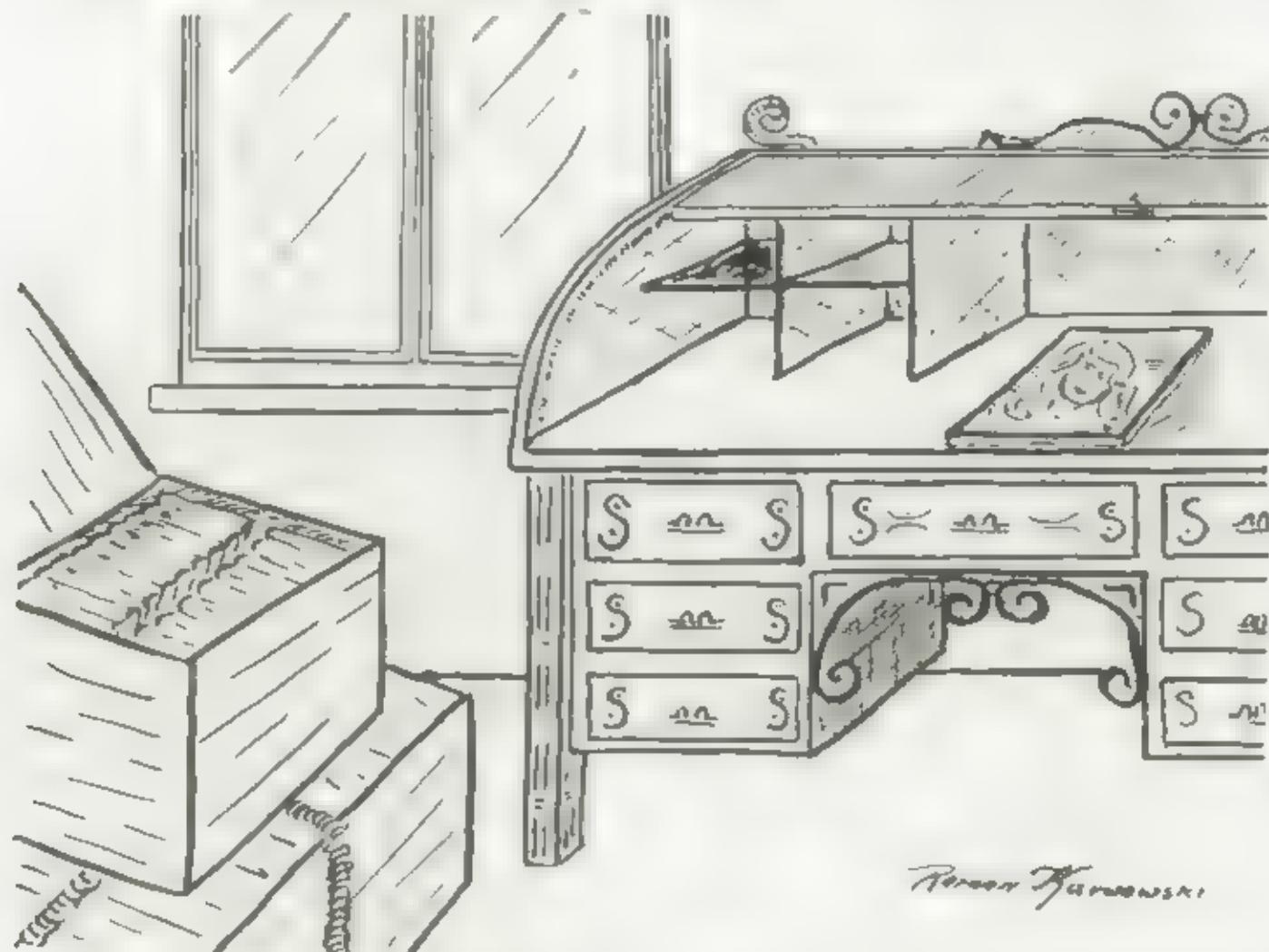
On a sunny afternoon we came back to Antwerp. The city seemed to us now not so bad at all. Many repairs had been made, because the great Fuehrer was to come, to see the great "Sieg," victory.

We asked someone what day, and what month it was, and were surprised to learn that it was only the end of June. Yes, it was only one and a half months since the tenth of May. To us it seemed a decade.

A few weeks later the schools were again opened, and I was glad to go there. Oh, it is really a pleasure for a boy of nine to sit long afternoons and do homework, instead of fleeing from bombs and shells. You may be sure that from this day on I never missed an assignment. School became to me the dearest place in the world, a place where I could forget all my worries and spend a few hours with nice, severe teachers, who to me seemed angels.

The Mahogany Desk

B. LOUISE CRESCE



Peter Farwinski.

We had just moved into our new quarters on Oak Street. Everything was topsy-turvy as a home always is when you first move into it. There were trunks, boxes, and suitcases in the middle of the floor. Mother's sewing machine was in the corner of the room, and there by the window was father's enormous mahogany desk which stood out among the rest of the furniture.

It was a beautiful desk, and it had been in the family for eighty years. This desk had belonged to my grandfather and was considered a family heirloom which would become my brother's possession in time.

Father was very fussy about his desk, which is very unusual for a man. He kept all his important papers in this desk. To me, it was nothing but a dust collector, but I never told father. I never went near the desk because it never occurred to me to do so. And, besides, it was kept in the study, a room which I never occupy.

Well, that afternoon, mother and I began to get things in order. Mother was busy in the kitchen, and I was trying to settle things in the living room. After sorting linens and silverware for about an hour, I became aware of how tired and exhausted I was. I walked over to the window and sat down by the desk. The top drawer was open. Unconsciously, I began to examine the contents of the desk. There were a few papers, a key chain, pencils, and a pen. Suddenly I spied a photograph! Naturally, I was curious and picked it up and gazed at it. What was this? I had never seen this before. It was a picture of father. Yes! A picture of my father but with a strange woman whom I had never seen before. She had

lovely blond hair, that was long and smooth looking. Her features were small, and her skin was fair. Underneath the photograph, in a small handwriting, was written, "To John, with all my love, Elizabeth." At that moment my heart sank to my feet, and my stomach turned upside down. I felt like a person who has ridden in an elevator for an hour. Who could this woman be? What were father's relations towards her! Was my home going to be broken up because my father had found someone new! How could he! My mother was such a dear person and did so much for him.

Suddenly I heard voices approaching. I got up from the chair, confused, and quickly shut the drawer, leaving the picture on top of the desk.

I resumed my position at the table and continued my work. Into the room came mother and father. I looked at my mother with pity, and wondered what trouble we were going to get ourselves into. As for father, well, I looked at him suspiciously, and I felt tears rolling down out of my eyes. Quickly, I ran out of the room and upstairs to my bedroom. I heard father ask mother, "What's ailing her now, some new boy friend?"

It wasn't until after supper that I realized I had left the picture on top of the desk. Had anyone noticed it? My heart began to pound like a tom-tom. I managed to go back to the study and put the photograph back into the desk. As I was about to shut the door, I heard mother and father talking. Father was saying, "But what am I going to do, Mary? What will I tell the children? And what about you? Think of your future." So father had told her already and now he was worrying about mother and his children. I heard mother say, "Oh! Don't worry, John, I'll get along all right. I could manage it."

Oh! Poor mother, how bravely she was taking it! I was about to go into the room and try to comfort mother and tell father what I thought of him, but something held me back. I heard mother say, "After all, John, she is your sister. So what if she has been in a sanitarium for ten years? What do you care? She is perfectly healthy now, and no one has to know where she was. I understand that in your position as head of the Grenville Bank, an incident like this would cause gossip. If people talk or ask questions, just tell them that your sister has come from Boston to visit you. They know you have a sister there. As for the children, well, they believe that their Aunt Betty is physically ill. I'm sure they'd love to see her!"

"I guess you're right, Mary, but I think the children are old enough to be told, and the sooner the better," replied father.

"Yes, I agree with you. I'll go and call them," answered mother.

I stood there behind the door, shocked and amazed. Could it be possible that the young, beautiful girl, Elizabeth, in the photograph, was my aunt? A feeling of relief came over me. Silently I went to my room, and, within a few minutes, I heard mother call me. I went downstairs to the study and father related the whole story to me.

I felt my face flush because of my embarrassment. I felt guilty and ashamed that I had jumped to conclusions.

Yesterday, my Aunt Elizabeth arrived at our home. She is a very sweet person, and I am very fond of her. Her picture now stands on top of father's mahogany desk.



It's Not All Sugar

By KALA KURZMAN

All right, all right, who's next? Give me a chance. I only got two arms—see! Heshey, you don't get change. Your mother gave you just the right amount."

These words, or similar ones, are repeated at least thirty times a day, six days a week by the one and only Mr. Goot, my candy store man.

To call Mr. Goot a candy store man isn't giving him full credit. He's a consultant, mechanic, business man, and philosopher, all rolled into one candy store man. From morning till late at night, he witnesses the whims of children, adolescents and adults.

When the store opens in the morning, the students come to him for the necessities of school "daze"—pencils, paper, candy and gum. They complain about all the homework of the day before and all the tests they didn't have time to study for. They expect him to know what kind of paper their teacher wants them to buy for compositions, stenography, drawing and bookkeeping. Then, depending on the mood he's in, Mr. Goot will side with either the student or the teacher. Of course, he will do his best to console the ill-treated student.

Later in the afternoon, he becomes Mr. Goot, the business man. He must know whether little Judy or Mrs. Grash can buy on credit. He must be tactful with the children coming in, asking for water or a small glass of soda for a penny. Sometimes if he's out of sprinkles and the kids don't want the ice cream, he must be able to convince them that the plain ice cream is just as good. At three o'clock, after school lets out, the store really gets jammed. It is about this time of the day when Mr. Goot's head starts aching, what with screaming children, gossipy mothers and the usual afternoon deliveries.

In the evening, the store becomes a hangout. The noise of the crowd and the juke box are enough to deafen him. His store becomes a rather crowded, miniature dance hall with the latest rhumbas, sambas and mambos on exhibition. The juke box doesn't stop for one moment and, if it should (God forbid) go on the blink, he has to get right to work and try to fix it. He's usually busy chewing the rag with the older men and women and cracking a joke or two. In serious discussions with both the young and the old, his opinion is sought in matters concerning sports, current events and the future of the atom bomb. To judge from the seriousness with which he is questioned about the latter, you'd think he had invented it.

In spite of his daily trials and tribulations and many a sleepless night, Mr. Goot loves his business where he comes in contact with all types of persons. To him, his store is another "melting pot."

Its Social Climbers by JOAN SIEGET

One night, a couple of nights ago, Renee and me gets all dolled up. This is a matter which takes all day and I gets up late, washes and sets my hair. All morning I sits around resting up for the hectic night ahead—likewise with Renee. Now we are not, you know, fussy dames. No, but when we goes to a party, we decide in advance that nothing, no, nothing will stop us from having a good time. Now Renee's got a beautiful black velvet with a snappy imitation diamond necklace. She'll carry white long gloves and, of course, she'll wear her best earrings. You see, Renee's kinda superstitious and she says you can never have a good time without earrings. But I'm not to be outdone—I also gets white gloves. I dust off my best black dress (it catches dust), and fastens my imitation diamond necklace around my throat. Then I am off. Dad looks at me and says I looks old—I kiss him. I am very happy. I will have a good time. Soon we are walking to the shindig held in honor of Teddy's birthday. Finally, after six blocks, we reaches the party. Everything's in full swing. The music's roaring. The sandwiches are lying on the table waiting for us to sink our teeth into them. The birthday cake is sitting pretty as you please on the living room table. Everything's just snazzy, but the boys are sittin' at one end of the place and the girls, looking real nice, are sittin' gloomy on the other side. Now this I could understand if her grandmother was in the room but she ain't. Neither is her old man. I looks at Renee. She looks at me. We decide to try to bust this log jam up.

Maybe you're wondering why Renee and me went to all this super-duper fuss for this party. Well, you see, my mom and her mom decided that they didn't like the crowd we hung around with. The boys, they said, were too coarse. They laughed too loud, joked too much and didn't respect ladies. Now us two, we like 'em, but our moms decided that it was time we met some "real, nice educated fellas from college". Now these boys were supposed to be the tops and, to beat it all, they came from very good families and also they didn't come from Williamsburg or even Brooklyn. They were A-1 on our moms' approval list. That's how come we were told to behave like ladies and get to know these "gentlemen" and stop hangin' around with those young "hoodlums" we liked so much. So we went to the party where they were.

Now we are sitting on one side of the room. We have been introduced to these "boys". It is ten minutes later. We are still sitting on the other side. This has never happened to us in our lives. We are not benchwarmers. I am not comfortable. My feet are for the beat of the Conga. My feet starts tapping. N body moves. The boys are talkin' about cricket. The girls are talking about bartarts. I am mad. Renee breaks the ice. Gee, she's so clever! She tells a funny joke. A lone laugh fills the room. I thought it was very funny. Now it's my turn. I tries talking to one of the fellas. It's like pulling teeth and he stammers and turns red all over. I wonder why. Finally, after much work on our part trying to liven up the party, we gives up. They is not for us. One of the boys suggests a game of chess in the game-room. My feet is startin' to dance. I do not like chess. After another hour of this, Renee and I gets tired. Two of the fellas ask if they can escort us two ladies home. We go ourselves. I want to talk to Renee. I look in the mirror before we leave. My hair is good. My lipstick's on right. Even my nose doesn't shine.—Oh, well, anyway Renee says it's all because I forgot my earrings—but I comes home, runs up the stairs and gets into bed.

That's where I'm now and, ya know, I have decided that, after all, the queers we know are not so bad. They ain't up socially, maybe they got no cars, but they got understandin' and they know that there is no worse fate - a woman's life than being ignored. In fact, I was downright insulted. Why I stood under that mistletoe for ten minutes. I bet Al would know what to do.

WATER

*Water is everywhere.
Water is life.
Water is death.
Water is a cool, refreshing liquid.
Water is a cold, clammy sweat.
Water is the element of life itself.
Water is the killer of thousands every year.
Men have fought for water.
Men have used water to make other men holy.
A drowning man will spit water.
A thirsty man will crawl on hands and knees for it.
Water is everything.*

—Larry Schneider

COSMOS

*The ants hurrying to and fro
Like chocolate sprinkles on an ice cream cone.
Up the side, then down the center:
As if some magnet were continually drawing them in.
Large and small, but all that same chocolate hue.
The grainy mound, a pyramid,
Its shape almost perfect.
Hurrying, working together, in harmony,
Practicing an art, long lost to most men.*

—Annette Baum

CONEY ISLAND

*People with sun tans like hot dogs
Cotton candy on a stick like snow
Empty soda pop bottles with drooping straws
Looking like gasping dogs;
Roller Coasters with ups and downs like the humps on a camel,
Crowds of people like flies around a garbage truck.
All shapes and sizes like jars in a pantry,
People with sunglasses looking like Hollywood celebrities,
This is the poor man's Paradise,
Coney Island.*

—Lila Brotman



A Teen-Age Party, Ha!

By LARRY SCHNEIDER

Come here, little boy, and let me tell you about some of the enjoyable horrors that will come your way in a few years. What, you say you're only ten years old! Good! Then you *must* listen to me. Of course, it would take me hours and hours just to mention some of the things you're going to go through, but since we have only forty minutes to talk in, I'll tell you about, and I hope you'll pardon the expression, a Teen-Age Party.

I'm going to tell you about something that happened to me two weeks ago come next Saturday night. One of my friends was telling me about a girl who was going to have a sweet sixteen party on Saturday. He told me that there would be a lot of food, she had a big television set, a big house, her parents wouldn't be home, and that she believed in "cutting the electric bill" when the party got "warmed up." It sounded, well, you can imagine how it sounded. The only thing he forgot to mention was that she was his steady girl friend and that she didn't know of any boys to invite so he was inviting the boys. Oh well, just a minor detail!

Come six P.M. Saturday and I was getting on my best suit. Not only that, but I was even going to the extreme pains of combing my hair, washing my face, washing behind the ears, polishing my shoes and giggling with some nice smelling stuff. Boy! I was willing to do anything to get to that "ideal" party and meet all those "ideal" girls that would probably be there. Ha!

At 8:30 P.M. my friends, Sam Grossman and Irving Schmetterling, came to my house. After one short glance, I saw that they had gone through the same pains that I had.

At 9:00 P.M. we were standing in front of the door of the house. Funny, it didn't look like it could be too big inside, but we told each other that looks are deceiving and we went right ahead and knocked on the door. YOW! Frankenstein's kid sister opened the door. "Ohhh," she whined, "the boys are here. Come in! Come in!" We walked into a room as large as the bathroom of a quonset hut. On the table in the dining room were 6 pretzels, 3 potato chips and half a glass of seltzer. The radio was going full blast. When we asked jokingly about a television set, she told us about her neighbor's. Her parents came up to us and started discussing the problem of the Hydrogen Bomb with us. On the couch built for three and the three stools that were in the room were sitting seven ghastly ghouls of the female gender grinning like . . . like ghouls. The room was a mass of giggling gargoyles. Need I say more?





The Family Comes to Dinner

By ZELDE KRUEWITZ

The house was just about turned upside down. Mrs. Milbaum's hair was falling in front of her face and she was perspiring. She was standing over the stove with a dish towel in her hand, examining the turkey which she was basting. Mr. Milbaum was bent over the griddle with tears running down his cheeks. He was grinding the horse radishes for the sauce. In the bedroom next to the kitchen, Rhoda was sleeping. It was eleven o'clock, and she would probably be getting up soon. In the other bedroom, Abie was sleeping in one of the twin beds. The other was empty as Moishie had slept over at his girl friend Gladys's house.

The reason for all this disorder was that the family was coming to dinner. They were coming especially to meet Gladys's mother, the "machetomiste."

Soon, Rhoda woke up, took up her clothes and went into the bathroom to get washed and dressed. She wasn't feeling very happy that day. For some reason, unknown even to herself, she didn't like her aunts, uncles, and cousins. She didn't want to talk to them. She knew that when they came, she would have to go around to each one of them, including Baba, and kiss them. If she didn't, her mother would be angry. "You have to kiss them or it isn't nice," she had said. At the thought of the loud, wet, smacking kisses, a feeling of great disgust came over her, and for the moment, she felt dizzy with anger. She resolved then and there that she wouldn't kiss any of them except Baba. Baba was old and sick, and she might think that Rhoda didn't love her or care about her if she didn't show some sign of affection toward her.

Abie got along very well with the family. He would kibbitz with them, and they would kibbitz back and everything was very fine. Rhoda couldn't do that no matter how hard she tried.

She came out of the bathroom, and, without thinking, put on the radio. The jazz jumped out at her, and she quickly turned to another station with some softer music. Humming along with the tune being played, she applied her makeup. Then she took her coat off the chair and said that she was going for a walk.

"What do you mean, a walk?" her mother cried. "There's so much work to do, and you're going for a walk!"

"What kind of work?" she replied. "I don't see anything to do."

"Nothing to do!" Mrs. Milbaum screamed back. "Listen to her! Nothing to do! What do you think I'm doing, playing? You could set the table, sweep the floor, dust around the furniture, make the beds, wake up Abie, and you'll find something to do."

"All right," she sighed. "I'll do it." She put her coat down on the chair again, swept the floor and bumped against the table, knocking off a glass and breaking it. Her mother began to yell and call her clumsy. While her mother kept talking more to herself than to anyone else, Rhoda took a rag and began dusting the furniture.

Why can't I cheer up and smile? When the family comes, I won't be such a mope. Why doesn't my mother stop talking? She never stops. I'd like to live by myself. Well, maybe not by myself. With a roommate. But at least there wouldn't be any mother around to yell and curse and nag at me.

The bell rang loudly, and she jumped at the sudden noise. It was her cousin Tessie with the baby, Kenny.

My God! Even the baby frightens me. I can't play with it and coo at it. He'll probably think I'm a fool.

With Tessie there, things began to move faster, and soon everything was done. Her father and mother got washed and dressed and still the family hadn't come and neither had Moishie, Gladys, nor her mother.

Abie walked into the kitchen and began to complain when he saw that there was no place for him to wash himself because there were still some pots in the sink.

"So go in the bathroom," said Mrs. Milbaum angrily. "You do so much, you could complain."

"Aah!" he answered disgustedly and walked out.

About two o'clock, all the relatives began to arrive. Everybody was kissing and hugging and looking very happy at seeing each other. Rhoda stood at the side, holding the baby. Some of them noticed Rhoda and said, "Hello, how are you?" "I'm fine," she replied. "And you?" But they didn't answer. They were too busy laughing with everyone else and playing with the baby. Then someone took the baby from Rhoda, and she stood there, feeling very lost and thinking to herself, "Well, anyway, they didn't come over to be kissed." Her throat began to feel tight, and tears were forming in her eyes. She wanted very much to be alone. She walked into the other rooms but there were people in all of them. She tried the bathroom door, but it was locked. There was no place to go. The tears began to roll down her cheeks, and she couldn't stop them.

"What's the matter?" a faintly familiar voice asked.

"Oh, I have a terrific cold," she said. "Can't seem to get rid of it."

I wish they would all go home, she sobbed to herself. I wish they would all go home.





Call Me Pete

By ANNETTE BAUM

"So long, Pete, see you later. I'll drop by at your house."

No, Jim, don't bother, I'll meet you at the candy store."

Pete ran up the dingy flight of stairs leading to his flat. As he entered, he could hear his mother in the kitchen.

"Pedro," she called, "is that you?"

"Yeah, Ma, it's me. Who'd you think it was? And when are you going to learn to call me Pete? Ditch that Pedro stuff, will ya? Maybe you want to act like a foreigner, but I don't. I was born here, see? I'm really American."

Very well, Pete. If you want it that way, I'll call you Pete, then."

This answer seemed to calm Pete, but, as he slammed the door to his room, he was muttering under his breath.

"Gee whiz, what can a guy do? All I want to do is get a decent job. Why can't my parents act like everyone else?"

It seemed to Pete that everything was against him. Why, just today he had applied for a job, and what do you think they told him? "We'll look over your application and we'll let you know."

Sure they'd let him know. Let him know that he'd not been hired, that's what.

Pete threw himself on his bed. What was he to do? He didn't have many of the qualifications he had always wanted. What was that they had asked?

"What previous experience have you had in this field?" Well, not much, he'd grant you, but then whose fault was it if he couldn't speak English well enough to get a job? Was it his fault that his parents were foreigners? Didn't he always try to get his mother to stop talking Spanish to him? Anyhow, he hadn't learned her lingo, he was glad to say.

He ate his supper quietly, then went to bed. He was sure he wouldn't get that job. But just the same the next morning he ran to the mailbox.

His anger grew as he read the first line.

"We are sorry to say that you aren't the person we were looking for."

After reading this, he threw it down. As it fell to the floor, he noticed the word. "Spanish." Quickly grabbing the paper, he read, "We needed some one who had some knowledge of the Spanish language."

A Half Century of Clubs

Eastern's auditorium was crowded. There were standees in the orchestra and the balcony. All through the evening those guarding the doors struggled to keep out disappointed latecomers who tried intermittently to storm their way in.

The audience was quiet and tense as the student speaker raised both arms in a spread-eagle gesture and, in deliberate, dramatic tones, his voice dripping with bitter sarcasm, said, "Thus we have a vicious circle, ladies and gentlemen. We of the affirmative insist, therefore, that the Philippines be granted their independence." "Thank you." He bowed slightly, and, as he walked toward the table at the left of the stage and took his seat next to the other members of his debating team, the applause that broke out was deafening.

A distinguished looking gentleman in evening clothes walked up the steps at the side of the stage. Programs rustled as the audience read his name and the college where he taught. Then, in the hush that spread through the hall, the judge said, "Tonight's debate has been won by Eastern District High School." Pandemonium broke loose, but of a dignified variety. Eastern District's Debating Society had just concluded a triumphant season and had captured the championship of the Brooklyn Interscholastic Debating League.

Occasions like the above were frequent in the early history of our school. The excitement was equally intense at the Semi-Annual Declamation Contests, where embryo actors recited classic dramatic poems and won coveted gold-plated medals. Without the distractions of radio or television and with a strictly controlled diet of motion pictures, Easternites could concentrate more easily on purely intellectual pursuits. Students, less sophisticated than we are today, and living in a less hectic atmosphere without atomic or hydrogen bombs or supersonic jet planes or hot rods or bebop, found debates and oratorical contests exciting events during the school year.

They could, for example, try out for either the Garrick Dramatic Society or the Eastern District Dramatic Society. This was a really grueling experience. Before a highly critical audience of student and faculty judges, the aspiring and perspiring Thespian controlled his shaking knees as well as he could and proceeded to "show his stuff," which he had been preparing for months. If he passed this ordeal he had something he could boast of for many years, because only Bernhardts and Barrymores could possibly make the grade. The Dramatic Society, you see, had a proud tradition harking back to 1903, when their first performance was given in the school's old building at South 3rd Street and Driggs Avenue.

But Eastern did not neglect quieter and less showy pursuits. Neophyte poets, like Joseph Auslander, and fledgling novelists like Daniel Fuchs, author of *Summer in Williamsburg*, found opportunities to display their talents in the pages of *The Daisy*, a monthly magazine devoted to the publication of short stories, poems, cartoons and news reports of all school activities. *The Daisy* drew much of its material from the members of the Webster Literary Society, which ran contests to en-



Debating Team—1925

M. Finkelstein, S. Fine, B. Mandelker, J. Gershberg, E. Levy, E. Finkelstein, Mr. Paine, Mr. Grossack, Crichton (Won the Brooklyn Interscholastic Debating League Championship).

courage budding writers. *The Daisy* gave way finally to two publications which took over its work: the school newspaper, the *Gold and White*; and the *Eastern*, a combination literary magazine and senior book.

The queen of all the arts did not lack her devotees either. The school orchestra was founded in 1911. The Chorus, already started in 1908, had begun as an exclusively male organization, but later relented and allowed females to join in the practice of their high art. These two groups have continued to function to the present day.

Wilmington is noted for its heterogeneous foreign groups and naturally this was reflected in the various languages taught at the school and the related clubs that sprang from those studies. Eastern has had French, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek and Japanese newspapers. These have all disappeared. Two other ethnic clubs, the Hellenic Club (Greek Club to us) and the Chinese Club (Chinese Club to us) and the bringing culture and beauty to Eastern.

Science received its share of attention, too. Chemistry, Medicine, Photography, Mathematics have all had enthusiastic supporters who devoted extra-curricular time to their special fields of interest. At one period of Eastern's history, future Einsteins cast their interested eye to the competitions sponsored by the Inter-collegiate Algebra League.

The intellectual elite of the school have had their organization, too, of course. The first Arista installation took place in 1910 and the requirements for admission were such that only twelve students were found who were judged worthy of that high honor. Arista is no longer that exclusive, but it still contains the cream of the scholastic crop.

Responsible for the supervision and encouragement of all scholastic and sports activities (which have a separate article elsewhere in this magazine) is the General Organization, which was organized in 1902. Each class sent delegates to a general governing body which elected the officers and financial committees. Officers were nominated every term but they were not elected by the students at large. The general Congress fulfilled that function. As you can imagine, an election did not cause the kind of excitement it does today. Since that time, the G.O. has steadily



Dairy Staff - 1912

new Mr. Clegg, Mr. Fife, Miss Groomer, Mr. Moore,
Miss Zane, Mr. McRae, new Mr. Mattocks, Mr. Pick, Mr.
Jekl, Miss Bushell, Mr. Kline, Bell in new Mr. Fife, Mr.
Auslander, Mr. Dahlman, Mr. Levy. (Students were never called
by their first names in those days. The "Mr." and "M."
were customary.)

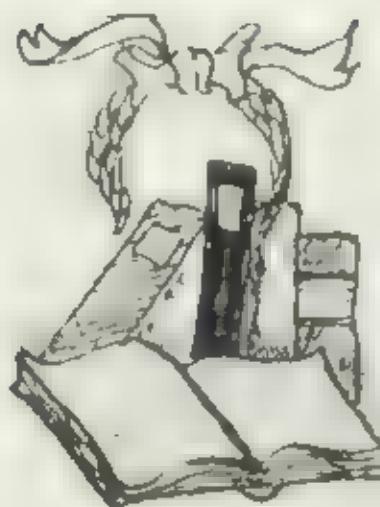


A Daily Occurrence
in the Flower Club—1912
(Those braids were real!)



CONGRESS

Dr. Leon Horan



ARISTA

Mr. Arnold Lub



Mr. Lub

CLUBS 1950



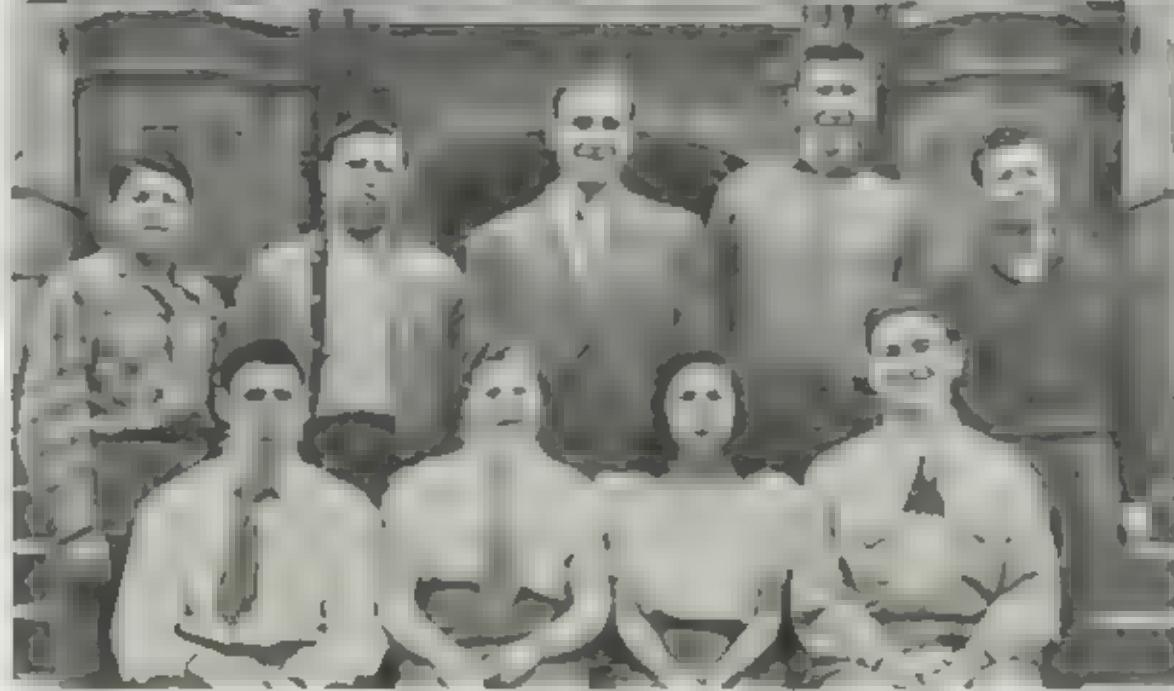
STUDENTS' COURT

Mr. David Dicker



GOLD AND WHITE

Mrs. Gertrude H. Ettis



CHESS CLUB

Mr. Moses Goldstein





SENIOR COUNCIL

Mr. James A. O'Brien



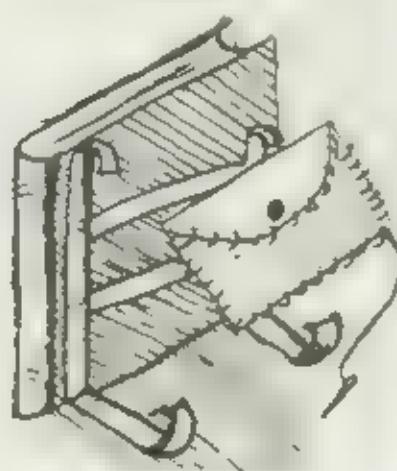
BOOK REVIEW CLUB

Mrs. Fannie Eiseman



ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB

Miss Vivian C. Cobbs



Fifty Years of Sports in Eastern

By LARRY SCHNEIDER

Eastern District has once the day the school opened, had a strong interest in athletics. This is shown by the many P.S.A.L. sports that we have participated in from time to time. We have been represented by a baseball team, basketball team, track team, rifle team, soccer team, fencing team, tennis team, handball team, and a swimming team.

Our girls have also played a big part in Eastern's sports program. They have won fame in basketball and have had a Swimming Club and Tennis Club. They have been very active in baseball and track.

Eastern had an "all boys" cheering squad until 1931 when girls began to go out for the squad. In recent years the girls have completely dominated the sport and have been doing rather well at it.

Many, many years ago (too far back for any present-day students to remember), Eastern used to have annual field days. These days were looked forward to by the entire school as almost everyone was an actual participant in the games. P.S.A.L. rules governed at these games. For the boys there were baseball games, sack races,



Girls' Basketball Team
Note the middies, dark bloomers,
and black stockings.
(Hklyn Daily Eagle, 1910)



Dancing Club—1915

class races, broad jumping, high jumping, shot putting, dashes from 50 to 70 yards, tennis games, handball matches and rifle events. The girl usually enjoyed themselves in baseball games, short races, tennis matches, volley ball, flag relays and dancing. All had a great time at the field days, including the Faculty. They used to compete against the students in baseball, basketball and track. In 1912 the senior class boys' relay team beat the Faculty in a hard-fought race. This reporter has not been able to find out whether those seniors who ran in the race were ever graduated.

In 1924 Eastern had its 15th field day at Curtis Field. The date was June 25, right after regents week. Entry fees were 10 cents a person and 40 cents for a four

Girls' Tennis Team

1910

(*Baltimore Daily Eagle*)

(The curtain behind the girls was used to divide the gymnasium into halves—one for the boys and one for the girls.)



man relay team. The money was used to pay for the medals and "E" pins which were given to the winning individuals and winning teams.

The *Daisy*, the school magazine before the *Eastern*, contributed a cup to the outstanding athletic class in the school. The first class to win the cup was class 3A in 1911.

The record of Eastern's fairer sex in basketball has been truly amazing. In 1904 they practiced and played their games at the 49th Armory. That very same year they were the proud possessors of a large cup awarded to the winners of the Girls' Metropolitan Intercollegiate Basketball competition. They placed second the other years and were always among the top teams. Just for the record, the names of the girls who took that championship were Emma Babenyien, Mathilda Wohl, Irene Ross, Hazel Bishop, and Florence West. Note to their grandchildren, "Your grandmother wasn't the 'old fogey' you thought she was."

In 1924 the girls were really athletic-minded. They organized their first Tennis Club and Athletic Club. The Tennis Club would practice in McCaren Park.

Going back a bit to 1912, we find a girls' swimming club being organized. The club met at the Eastern District Y.W.C.A. to practice. Chevrons were given to girls

Swimming Group—1913

They wore bathing suits at the Pool—which was at President Street and Fourth Avenue



with regular attendance. Red Cross buttons and P.S.A.L. pins were given to students who passed specified tests.

So much for the girls. Now, let's talk talk about the male segment of our school.

When sports are mentioned in Eastern District, one immediately thinks of basketball. Down through the years, basketball has been the number one sport in Eastern. Not necessarily for the honors it has brought to the school, but mainly because of the nature of the sport which allows it to be played all year 'round by all. Basketball has been played here at Eastern longer than any other sport, and that includes baseball and fencing.

In 1908 our baby basketball team had a fairly successful season and they began to put top-notch teams on their schedules.

In 1912 our basketeers had their most successful season up to that time. They came in third against tough P.S.A.L. competition.

In 1918 we hit our peak in basketball. We won the Boro title and were runner-ups for the City title. We have never had the pleasure of winning the City title. We were terrors to everyone but Commerce in the league that year. Commerce at that time had the present basketball coach of C.C.N.Y., Nat Holman, on their team. We never beat Commerce while Nat Holman played with them. However, in 1919, after Nat Holman's graduation, we beat them by the overwhelming score, 26-18. I wonder what would have happened to us if Holman had never graduated.

Two other teams that used to give us a lot of trouble were Bushwick and Boys High Schools. Erasmus was practically the only team that we were able to beat regularly. We scored 274 points to their 263 points up to 1919. Stuyvesant led us 189-150 while Commerce had a slight (144-135) 9 point lead over us in the P.S.A.L. basketball games up to 1919. Scores were very low at that time. Some of the scores of that period were E.D. 12, N.Y. Dental College 8; Commercial 14, E.D. 6. That's a far cry from today's scores which run into the nineties and sometimes hit one hundred.

In 1928 with Dr. Sprague, the present administrative assistant of our school, coaching the basketball team, we had a fairly successful season, winning five out of eleven.

In 1931 our basketball team had a "tremendously sensational" season. They finished the season in a "blaze of glory," as the old *Daisy* reported it, by downing Bushwick High School 23-21. That was the 13th game of the season. They lost their first 12 games. Oh, well, it could have been worse.

Our baseball team has been an "on and off" team throughout our history. Some years we had one; most years we didn't. Before I tell you about the baseball team, I'd like to tell you about the birth and death of a team in Eastern. We'll use the baseball team as an example.

The students get excited. "What kind of a school is this when it doesn't even have a baseball team?" they ask. They rant. They rave. Editorials are written in the *Gold and White*. Petitions are sent all over the school. Every kid and his uncle signs it at least twice apiece. The petitions and pleas are then gathered up and brought before the principal. The principal says, "If the students of Eastern want a baseball team, they can have one." A faculty adviser is chosen. He issues a call for players. Out of a male student body of 700, 500 show up. That's great. The team is chosen. The first season, everyone cheers them on. Everything's going fine.

The next baseball season comes. This time only 200 show up to try out for the *Eighty-four*

team. We're still going fine. The school is still supporting the team. Around about mid-season, we see fewer and fewer people coming to watch the games.

Next season comes along. Again a call for candidates. The first day, 100 kids show up. By the third day, the coach is shocked if he sees 20 boys out on the field. He manages to get a fairly respectable team out on the field. Then the G.O. starts selling tickets. The team loses a few games. Ticket sales lag. A plan is announced by which a student buying a season ticket gets to see a Brooklyn Dodger game free. 500 tickets are sold. 500 students attend the Dodger game; not more than 20 show up for Eastern's games. That's the beginning of the end. The sport drags on for a while; finally it's dropped. On its tombstone are written these words, "Born from 3 to 7 years before death. Death caused by these words, spoken by one student to another, 'What! Me pay 50 cents to see that crumby team play? What do they think I am? A dope!'" Two years after the end of the baseball season, these words are heard in Eastern's halls. "Say, Joe, don't you think it's about time we had a track team in this school?" You know the rest.

That has been the story of baseball in our school. It's tragic, but true. We had teams before 1918, but not much is known about them. In 1918 it began to stick for a while. It wasn't too successful then. In our first game of the 1918 season, Bushwick High School beat us 10-0. We had the dubious honor of making 10 errors. In our next game we did much better. We lost a tough 2-0 game to C.C.N.Y. freshmen. In seven years we won only seven games. I guess that was the seven years of hunger for Eastern. In those seven years, Commercial beat us seven times, Erasmus six times, Bushwick three times, and Boys High twice. Our seven victories came at the expense of St. John (1), St. Francis (2), Manual (2), Adelphi (1), and Poly (1). Three years ago a new baseball team was organized with Mr. Lebowitz, a former basketball coach, as its head. This year Mr. Mazer has taken charge of the team. Mr. Mazer played semi-pro baseball as a catcher a while back. The team should do well under him.

Our handball team was organized in 1905 and it enjoyed tremendous popularity for a few years. In 1905 we took first place in the Metropolitan H.S. League, and we were given a cup for this feat. The sport died out after a while but it was revived in the mid-twenties and it became a sensation over night. It really caught on. We entered P.S.A.L. ball in 1926. In 1928 and 1929 we rose to our greatest heights in handball. We placed second both these years behind a top-notch Madison High School team which had a member of the doubles championship of the U.S. on their team.

About 1910 we had a tennis team which made their debut in P.S.A.L. tennis matches by losing a close match to Boys High School. The team didn't have too much success and it was dropped after a while.

In 1931 we had a soccer team which, guided by the able hand of Mr. Pineus, brought credit to the school in their first year of P.S.A.L. ball. They won three of the five games they played in. However, this "fad" lasted but a few years and after a while the team was dissolved.

We had a swimming team in the 1930's. However, because of the difficulty in getting a place to practice, the team didn't last too long.

Now we come to the three teams which have brought the most medals, trophies, cups, and titles to our school. They are the Track, Rifle, and Fencing Teams.

Track first came into prominence in our school in 1909 when the Freshmen

Relay Team won the 116 Regimental Armory Cup for placing first in a meet there. That very same year we won an interscholastic cup at the Harlem YMCA. Both cups are on display in Dr. Sprague's office.

In 1915 the track team was given track uniforms and "slippers," as track shoes were called in those days, by the school.

In 1931 our track team really hit its stride. In the Columbia Meet, in which more than five states were represented, Eastern District got four points and placed 10th out of a field of 35.

In two dual meets that year we had tough luck in losing both by very close scores. Seward Park High School beat us 39-34 and Boys High School beat us 42-39. In the Boys High Meet we took first in 6 of the 9 events but we didn't have enough seconds and thirds to win. Bernard Goffen, in winning the 220 yard dash for us, ran it in 22 seconds. That was 2/10 of a second more than the City record of 21.8.

The only team to better the achievements of the 1931 team is the team we've had these last two years. They've been real good. Two years ago they placed among the top five in a field of 150. At the Manual Meet our boys placed second and in the Stuyvesant Meet we had one boy place second in the 100 yard dash and another third in the 220 yard dash. Our relay team usually places first in the heats and second in the finals. That's a pretty good record for any team.

Our Rifle Team has more than held its own in P.S.A.L. competition. The Wingate trophy, symbol of a great rifle team, was in our halls for years.

About the time of the first World War, Eastern competed in the Sportsman Show in Madison Square Garden. After the smoke from our hot rifles had cleared away, we were able to go home with no fewer than nine rifle medals. That's real sharpshooting for a high school team against tough competition.

In 1919 we ran neck and neck with Evander Childs for the city title. Both teams won 7 out of 8. Our favorite "whipping boys" were Flushing, Richmond Hill, and New Utrecht.

Our last rifle team was dissolved in 1941. The rifles were given to the U.S. Army.

Our fencing team was organized in 1930 with Mr. Olvin as faculty adviser. Its fancy name was "La Salle d'Armes Orientale," which in plain English means the Eastern Fencing Club. There was a girls' group under Miss Langsam and Miss Milchman, but it didn't last too long. The sport went along, growing in popularity, until 1935 when all high school fencing in New York City was discontinued by the Board of Education. In 1937 the ban was lifted and Eastern immediately reorganized the fencing team. Fencing grew in popularity until, in the early 1940's, it was made into a major sport.

The fencing team began to win city-wide recognition in 1946 when it took second place in the Interscholastic Fencing Tournament held at N.Y.U. Eastern jumped to the top of the high school fencing world when it won the Castello Trophy in 1947, 1948, and 1949. That marked the first time that any high school team ever won the tournament three years straight. In 1948 and 1949 the boys also took two P.S.A.L. championships. That brings us right up to the present.

This reporter's vote for the most versatile athlete who ever played for Eastern is Larry Cenamo. This boy not only was a member of the Rifle, Swimming, Tumbling and Wrestling Teams, but he CAPTAINED all of these teams. That's a record few can match, if any at all.

My vote for the most versatile coach in our school is "Doc" Rubin. Mr. Rubin, in his seventeen years in Eastern, has coached the wrestling team, rifle team, gymnastics club, track team, and cheering squad.

He had the wrestling team about 15 years ago but he gave it up when one of the wrestlers broke his rib.

He had the gymnastics club about 10 years ago but he gave that up when he broke his knee.

He had the rifle team for a while but he gave that up in 1941 when a bullet ricocheted off a wall onto the ceiling and hit him in the shoulder.

About 10 years ago Mr. Pincus asked him to watch the cheering squad for five minutes. He ended up by being their faculty adviser for five years. That's our "Doc" Rubin.

Eastern District has had many athletes who went to college and achieved athletic fame there. Some of these athletic heroes of Eastern are:

Dr. Sprague, who was an outstanding track star in his high school days here at Eastern. He then went to C.C.N.Y. where he played basketball and baseball. He came back to Eastern, coached our basketball team from 1926 to 1929, and is now administrative assistant of our school.

David Shapiro, who was a member of our swimming team and was on a champion intergrade basketball team. He went on to George Washington University and starred on their basketball team. He ranked 80th out of 407 in his graduation class which is a further proof of the falsity of the belief that all athletes are dumb.

Mac Reiskind, class of '25, who was elected captain of C.C.N.Y.'s La Crosse Team.

Nat Erdheim, class of '31, who played on L.I.U.'s baseball, basketball, football, handball, and track teams. Wow!

Shep Shapiro, class of '29, played basketball and football for L.I.U.

Serge Grynkwich, class of '29, after starring in basketball here, went on to win fame in baseball, basketball, and football at Lafayette College.

Sam Harris, class of '27, who made the L.I.U. varsity in his freshman year.

Julius Strauss, star of our 1931 basketball team, was offered a scholarship by the University of Villanova for his athletic ability.

In more recent years we find the fencing team sending many boys to Brooklyn and City College to win fame in fencing there.

Some of the boys who went to Brooklyn College in the last six years and have starred on their fencing teams are: Sheldon Dyer, Gil Wortman, Al Schnell, Arthur Spingarn, Elliot Miller, Marty and Herby Buchalter, and Stanley Wostokski.

Some former Easternites who are now starring with City College's fencing team are: Francois Kramer, Ira Goldenberg, Sol Hollander, and Frank Billadello.

MAY, 1913

Report on the Action of Our Sister Suffragettes in England (as heard among the debaters)

"They are now even destroying the mails."

The males wondered.



SPORTS TODAY

Charming Cheerleaders

Those of you who have seen the cheering squad in action this term know how well the girls do their job. The new captains of the squad are Elaine Eglarsh and Archangela Carducci. These two girls took over when Eloise Ingraham, the former captain, graduated last term.

Other members of the varsity are Francis Cinque and Thelma Kleinberg. Dorothy Zack, Annette Barnes, and Isalogne Kearse are on the junior varsity.

It is hoped that when the next basketball season comes around there will be an addition of male voices to blend in with those of the girls.

Sam Grossman

Rugged Runners

Under the guidance of Coach "Doc" Rubin, the trackmen gave impressive showings in most of the track meets in which they participated. Even with the loss of Ben Harris, who graduated last January and Fleming Dale, who transferred to another school, Eastern District's track team was still a dangerous contender.

In the Manual Relay Meet, Joe Solazzo sparked the track team to victory. Eastern also finished third in the Manual Training indoor finals.

James Dove represented Eastern District in the Madison Square Garden fifty yard finals and gave a good performance.

Other members of the squad are Leo Scicere, Cann Barnes, and Jimmy Meyers, who are also part of our famous relay team.

Sam Grossman

CHEERING SQUAD

TRACK TEAM



Flashing Foils

Eastern District's fencers, winning their last four P.S.A.L. bouts, completed a highly successful season by tying Forest Hills for second place. Led by Captain Ben Kramer, Vincent La Gana, Larry Schneider and Harold Glatter, the boys compiled a five won, one lost, and one tied record. Kramer led the team with a 12 won, 2 lost slate. Close behind him came Vincent La Gana and Larry Schneider with 11 wins in 14 bouts. Glatter filled up the top notch quartet with a 7 won, 5 lost record. Arbelvia Kea, Stanley Bialick, Arnold Zelkowitz and Charlie Sommers chipped in with some very timely victories for the team. These four boys, with Raoul Felder, Murray Tornopsky, Alfred Mundola and Larry Naddleman, will form the nucleus of next year's P.S.A.L. team.

In post season tournaments, Ben Kramer took the 1950 P.S.A.L. form championships. Glatter, Kramer, La Gana and Schneider all reached the semi-finals in the Individual Foil Championships before they were eliminated. Kramer and Schneider finished seventh and eighth, respectively, in this tournament.

Larry Schneider

Battling Basketeers

The McCormack men finished the 1950 P.S.A.L. basketball season in fifth place, a notable achievement in the strong division we were in. Our record of 11 wins and 9 defeats doesn't look too good, but when you examine it, you see a 1 point heartbreaker lost to Automotive in overtime and 2 losses to Boys High by the narrow margins of 3 and 4 points. The basketeers showed their true form by beating George Westinghouse and Alexander Hamilton High Schools twice each.

The biggest loss of the year for the Basketball team will come from that old bugaboo of high school athletic teams, graduation. Gone will be Jack Leiman, Charlie and Murray Rosen, Harris Mintz and Lou Schwartz. Left to carry on for Eastern next year will be Harvey Burack, Johnny Zekas, Harvey Bien and Sidney Cohen. These four boys, coupled with the eleven or so new men that Mr. McCormack hopes to get on the team, will make a fine array of hard playing basketballers for Eastern next year.

Larry Schneider

FENCING TEAM

BASKETBALL TEAM



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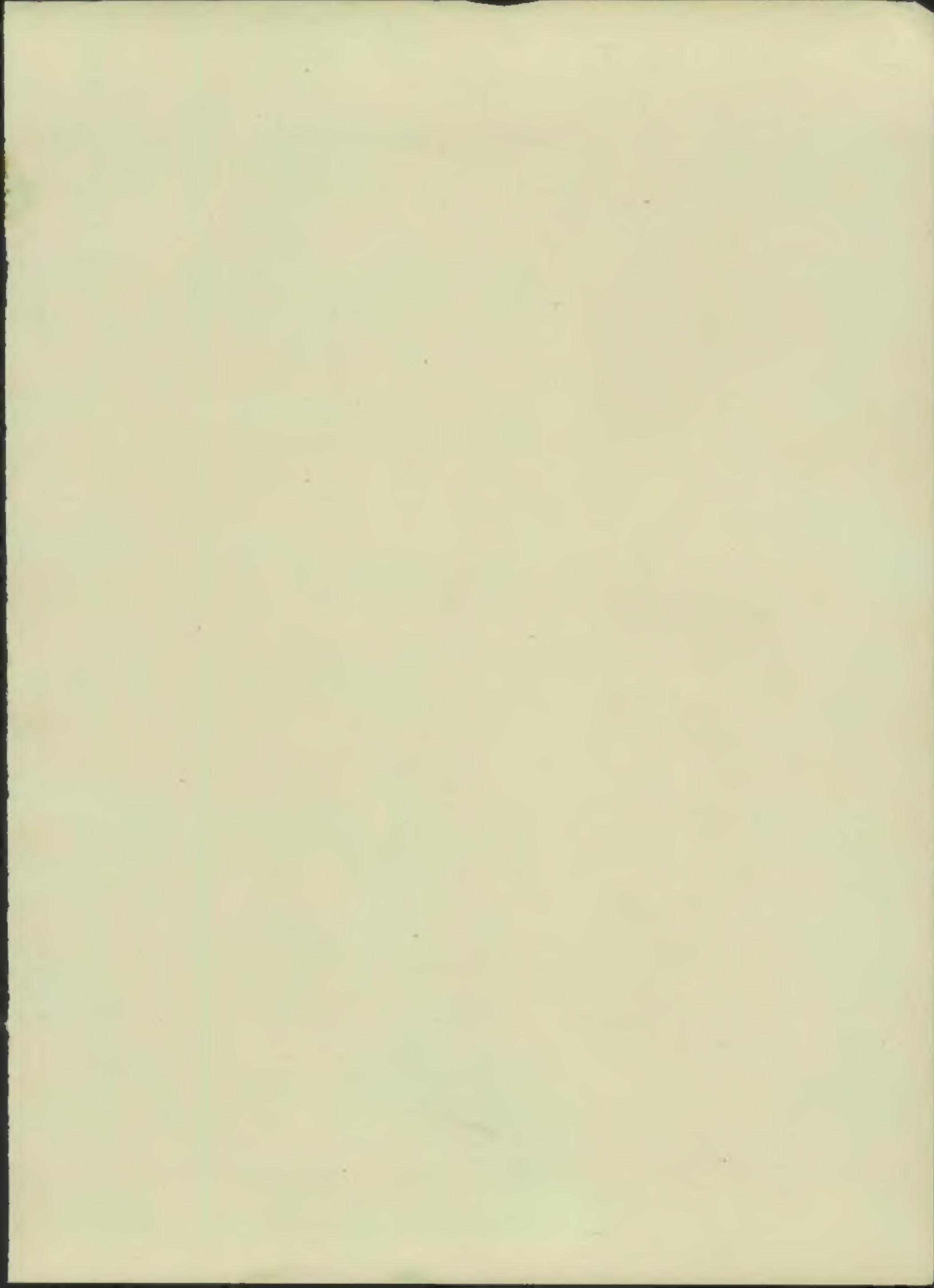
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